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NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, THE CRITIC was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Jacobites of 1715 and 1745. By Mrs. THOMSON, Author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII." &c. Vol. the Third. London, 1845. Bentley.

This volume concludes the work of which the preceding volumes were some time since noticed at considerable length in THE CRITIC, with the commendation to which their merits entitled them. The lives now before us are those of Lord GEORGE MURRAY, his rival the Duke of PERTH; KILMARNOCK, BALMERINO and CROMARTIE, who were tried, condemned, and the two former executed; CHARLES RADCLIFFE; and last, not least interesting, FLORA MACDONALD, immortalized by SCOTT. The memoir of Lord GEORGE MURRAY occupies half the volume, and has been most industriously laboured by Mrs. THOMSON. He was entitled to the distinction, for he was beyond all measure the ablest man in the army of the Pretender. By his good generalship he obtained unexpected victories, and delayed for a long time the defeat which no skill nor courage could have averted. Indeed, from the first it must have been manifest to any impartial on-looker that the enterprise was a hopeless one. The times were against the rebels. They did not command popular sympathy. It was only in the remoter districts of the country that any zeal for their cause could be exerted. The further they marched southward the more obvious it became that the STUART dynasty had passed away from the affections and almost from the memories of men. It scarcely needed the field of Culloden to extinguish their party. They would have melted like a mist in the sun before they could have traversed a third of the way between Edinburgh and London.

The more honour to him who bore up bravely against adverse circumstances and resisted the tide of fortune, though he could not turn it. His qualities, as Mrs. THOMSON remarks "almost rose to greatness; so enduring and so fearless, so careless of danger to himself, yet so solicitous for others." He was, moreover, a sincere and honest man, obstinate and headstrong, proud

and ambitious, but with a clear head to guide himself and a kind heart for those who served him. This is Mrs. THOMSON's summary of the

CHARACTER OF LORD GEORGE MURRAY.

Lord George was not only a disciplinarian; in his own person, he set the example of a scrupulous honesty. "I never," he writes in his explanation of his conduct, "took the least thing without paying the full value. I thought that I could not reasonably find fault with others in that, if I did not show them a good example." To the sick and wounded Lord George invariably paid the utmost attention; and, under his guidance, the Highlanders, heretofore so fierce towards each other in their contests, were remarkable for a degree of humanity which was disgracefully contrasted with the barbarity of their conquerors. Such were his general attributes in his military station. Whatever doubts may have existed in the mind of Charles Edward as to the fidelity of his General, are silenced by the long and hopeless exile of Lord George Murray, and by the continued friendship of the Chevalier St. George. No overtures, as in the case of the Earl of Mar, to the British Government, nor efforts on the part of his prosperous and favoured brother, the Duke of Atholl, have transpired to show that in saving Blair there was a secret understanding that there should be a future reward, nor that any surmise of treachery had opened a door to reconciliation. Charles, be it remembered, was under that daily, hourly influence, which weakens the judgment and exasperates the passions. His opinion of Lord George Murray must not be accepted as any evidence against one who had redeemed the inconsistencies of his youth by the great exertions of his manhood. Some vital defects there were, nevertheless, in this General, of powerful intellect, and of earnest and honourable intentions. His character partook too largely of that quality which has raised his country as a nation in all other countries—prudence. For his peculiar situation he was far too cautious. Persevering and inflexible, he was destitute of hope. If it be true that he entered into the undertaking with a conviction that the cause could never prosper, he was the last man that should have been the general of an army whose ardour, when not engaged in action, he invariably restrained. All contending opinions seem to hesitate and to falter when they relate to the retreat from Derby, the grand error of the enterprise; the fatal step, when the tide served and the wind was propitious, and an opportunity never to be regained was for ever lost. In private society Lord George Murray is reported to have been overbearing and hasty; his fine person and handsome countenance were lessened in their agreeableness by a haughty deportment. He was simple, temperate, and self-denying in his habits. In his relations of life, he appears to have been respectable. His letters shew him to have enjoyed at least the usual means of education offered to a soldier who entered upon active service at sixteen, or to have improved his own acquirements. They are clear and explicit, and bear the impress of sincerity and good sense. Distrusted as he was by Charles Edward, and misrepresented by others, we may accord to Lord George

Murray the indulgence which he claims from posterity in these, the last words of his vindication:—"Upon the whole, I shall conclude with saying, if I did not all the good I would, I am sure I did all I could."

Mrs. THOMSON has collected some interesting particulars relative to

THE EXECUTION OF LORD KILMARNOCK.

In the silence and solitude of his prison, Lord Kilmarnock's recollection reverted to those whom human nature were shortly to be left to buffet with the storms of their hard fate. It reverted also to those who might in any way have suffered at his hands. The following touching epistle addressed to his factor, Mr. Robert Paterson, written two days only before his execution, shews how tender was his affection for his unhappy wife: in how Christian a spirit towards others he died. His consideration for the poor shoemakers of Elgin is one of those beautiful traits of character which mark a conscientious mind. The original of this letter is still in existence, and is in the possession of the great-grandson of him to whom it was addressed:—

"Sir,—I have commended to your care the enclosed packet, to be delivered to my wife in the manner your good sense shall dictate to you will be the least shocking to her. Let her be prepared for it as much by degrees, and with great tenderness, as the nature of the thing will admit of. The entire dependence I have all my life had the most just reason to have on your integrity and friendship to my wife and family, as well as to myself, make me desire that the enclosed papers may come to my wife through your hands, in confidence; but you will take all the pains to comfort her, and relieve the grief I know she will be in, that you and her friends can. She is what I leave dearest behind me in the world; and the greatest service you can do to your dead friend is, to contribute as much as possible to her happiness in mind, and in her affairs. You will peruse the state[ment] before you deliver it to her, and you will observe that there is a fund of hers (I don't mention that of five hundred Scots a-year), as the interest of my mother-in-law's portion, in the Countess of Errol's hands, with, I believe, a considerable arrear upon it; which, as I have ordered a copy of all these papers to that countess, I did not care to put in. There is another thing of a good deal of moment, which I mention only to you, because if it could be taken away without noise it would be better, but if it is pushed it will be necessary to defend it. That is, a bond which you know Mr. Kerr, director to the Chancery, has of me for a considerable sum of money, with many years' interest on it, which was almost all play-debt. I don't think I ever had fifty pounds, or the half of it, of Mr. Kerr's money, and I am sure I never had a hundred; which, however, I have put it to in the enclosed declaration, that my mind may be entirely at ease. My intention with respect to that sum was, to wait till I had some money, and then buy it off, by a composition of three hundred pounds, and if that was not accepted of to defend it; in which I neither saw, nor now see, anything unjust; and now I leave it on my successors to do what they find most prudent in it. Beside my personal debt mentioned in general and particular in the state, there is one for which I am liable in justice, if it is not paid, owing to poor people, who gave their work for it by my orders; it was at Elgin in Murray; the regiment I commanded wanted shoes. I commissioned something about seventy pair of shoes and brogues, which might come to about three shillings, or three and sixpence each, one with another. The magistrates divided them among the shoemakers of the town and country, and each shoemaker furnished his proportion. I drew on the town for the price out of the composition laid on them, but I was told afterwards at Inverness, that it was believed the composition was otherwise applied, and the poor shoemakers not paid. As these poor people wrought by my orders, it will be a great ease to my heart to think they are not to lose by me, as too many have done in the course of that year; but had I lived, I might have made some inquiry after it; but now it is impossible, as their hardships in loss of horses, and such things which happened through my soldiers, are so interwoven with what was done by other people, that it would be very hard, if not impossible, to separate them. If you will write to Mr. Jones, of Dalkinty, at Elgin (with whom I was quartered when I lay there), he will send you an account of the shoes, and if they were paid to the shoemakers or

no; and if they are not, I beg you'll get my wife, or my successors, to pay them when they can. Receive a letter to me from Mrs. Boyd, my cousin Malcomb's widow; I shall desire her to write to you for an answer. Accept of my sincere thanks for your friendship and good services to me. Continue them to my wife and children. My best wishes are to you and yours, and for the happiness and prosperity of the good town of Kilmarnock, and I am, sir, your humble servant,

KILMARNOCK.

Tower of London, August 16th, 1746.

On the Saturday previous to the execution of Lord Kilmarnock, General Williamson gave his prisoners a minute account of all the circumstances of solemnity and outward terror which would accompany it. Lord Kilmarnock heard it much with the same expression of concern as a man of compassionate disposition would read it in relation to others. After suggesting a trifling alteration in the arrangements after the execution, he expressed his regret that the headsman should be, as General Williamson informed him, a "good sort of man;" remarking, that one of a rougher nature and harder heart would be more likely to do his work quickly. He then requested that four persons might be appointed to receive his head when it was severed from the body, in a red cloth, that it might not, as he had heard was the case at other executions, "roll about the scaffold and be mangled and disfigured." "For I would not," he added, "though it may be but a trifling matter, that my remains should appear with any needless indecency after the just sentence of the law is satisfied." He spoke calmly and easily on all these particulars, nor did he even shrink when told that his head would be held up and exhibited to the multitude as that of a traitor. "He knew," he said, "that it was usual, and it did not affect him." During these singular conversations, his spiritual attendant and the General could hardly have been more precise in their descriptions had they been pourtraying the festive ceremonials of a coming bridal than they were in the fearful minutiae of the approaching execution. It was thought by them that such recitals would accustom the mind of the prisoner to the apparatus and formalities that would attend his death, and that these would lose their influence over his mind. "He allowed with me," observes Mr. Foster, "that such circumstances were not so melancholy as dying after a lingering disorder, in a darkened room, with weeping friends around one, and whilst the shattered frame sank under slow exhaustion."

In the appendix, Mrs. THOMSON presents a copy of a very curious letter, for which, she says, "I was indebted to the valued friendship of my brother-in-law, SAMUEL COLTMAN Esq. in whose possession it is, having been bequeathed, with other MSS., to his mother, by the well-known JOSEPH SPENCE, author of the 'Anecdotes,' and of other works." It seems that SPENCE was travelling in Italy, and his anxious father, after the fashion of the times, linking together the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, as the three great allied powers for all mischief, had written to him an earnest request that he would avoid intercourse with either. But with the usual love of human nature for whatever is prohibited, the young SPENCE permitted himself to be seduced by one Dr. COOPER, a divine attached to the STUART's family, to visit the Pretender at the Villa Ludovicii. Of this interview the young man has left a minute and amusing account in the letter which we transfer entire from the appendix:—

Sir,—About a month ago, Mr. —— and I being in search of some of the antiquities of your place, we became acquainted with an English gentleman, very knowing in this kind of learning, and who proved of great use to us; his name is Dr. Cooper, a priest of the church of England, whom we did not suspect to be of the Pretender's retinue, but took him to be a curious traveller, which opinion created in me a great liking for his conversation. On Easter eve, he made us the compliment, that as he supposed us bred in the profession of the said church, he thought it incumbent on him to invite us to divine service, next day being Easter Sunday. Such language, at Rome, appeared to me a jest. I stared at the Doctor, who added that the Pretender (whom he called king) had prevailed with the late pope, to grant license for having divine service

according to the rules of the Church of England performed in his palace, for the benefit of the Protestant gentlemen of his suite, his domestics, and travellers; and that Dr. Berkeley and himself were appointed for the discharge of this duty; and that prayers were read as ordinarily here as in London. I should have remained of St. Thomas's belief, had I not been a witness that this is a matter of fact, and as such, have noted it down as one of the greatest wonders of Rome. This was the occasion of my first entrance into the Pretender's house: I became acquainted with both the doctors, who are sensible, well-bred men. I put several questions to them about the Pretender, and, if credit can be given them, they assure me he is a moral, upright man, being far from any sort of bigotry, and most averse to disputes and distinctions of religion, whereof not a word is admitted in his family. They described him in person very much to the resemblance of King Charles II. which they say he approaches more and more every day, with a great application to business, and a head well turned that way, having only some clerks, to whom he dictates such letters as he does not write with his own hand. In some days after, my friend and I went to take the evening air in the stately park called Villa Ludovici; there we met, face to face, on sudden, with the Pretender, his princess, and court; we were so very close before we understood who they were, that we could not retreat with decency; common civility obliged us to stand sideways in the alley, as others did, to let them pass by. The Pretender was easily distinguished by his star and garter, as well as by his air of greatness, which discovered a majesty superior to the rest. I felt, at that instant of his approach, a strange convulsion in body and mind, such as I never was sensible of before; whether aversion, awe, or respect occasioned it, I can't tell: I remarked his eyes fixed on me, which, I confess, I could not bear. I was perfectly stunned, and not aware of myself when, pursuant to what the standers-by did, I made him a salute; he returned it with a smile, which changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance; as he passed by, I observed him to be a well-sized, clean-limbed man. I had but one glimpse of the princess, which left me a great desire of seeing her again; however, my friend and I turned off into another alley, to reason at leisure on our several observations: there we met Dr. Cooper, and, after making some turns with him, the same company came again in our way. I was grown somewhat bolder, and resolved to let them pass as before, in order to take a full view of the princess: she is of a middling stature, well-shaped, and has lovely features: wit, vivacity, and mildness of temper are painted in her look. When they came to us, the Pretender stood, and spoke a word to the doctor; then looking at us, he asked him whether we were English gentlemen; he asked us how long we had been in town, and whether we had any acquaintances in it; then told us he had a house, where English gentlemen would be very welcome. The princess, who stood by, addressing herself to the doctor in the prettiest English I think I ever heard, said, "Pray, doctor, if these gentlemen be lovers of music, invite them to my concert to-night; I charge you with it;" which she accompanied with a salute in the most gracious manner. It was a very hard task, sir, to recede from the honour of such an invitation, given by a princess, who, although married to the Pretender, deserves so much in regard to her person, her house, and family. However, we argued the case with the doctor, and represented the strict orders we had to the contrary; he replied there would be no prohibition to a traveller against music, even at the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church; that if we missed this occasion of seeing this assembly of the Roman nobility, we might not recover it while we stayed in Rome; and that it became persons of our age and degree to act always the part of gentlemen, without regard to party humours. These arguments were more forcible than ours, so we went, and saw a bright assembly of the prime Roman nobility, the concert composed of the best musicians of Rome, a plentiful and orderly collation served; but the courteous and affable manner of our reception was more taking than all the rest. We had a general invitation given us whilst we stayed in town, and were desired to use the palace as our house; we were indispensably obliged to make a visit next day, in order to return thanks for so many civilities received;—those are things due to a Turk. We were admitted without ceremony; the Pretender entertained us on

the subject of our families as knowingly as if he had been all his life in England; he told me some passages of myself and father, and of his being against the followers of King Charles I. and II. and added "that if you, Sir, had been of age before my grandfather's death, to learn his principles, there had been little danger of you taking part against the rights of a Stuart." He then observed how far the prejudices of education and wrong notions of infancy are apt to carry people from the paths of their ancestors: he discoursed as pertinently on several of our neighbouring families as I could do, upon which I told him I was surprised at his so perfect knowledge of our families in England; his answer was, that from his infancy he had made it his business to acquire the knowledge of the laws, customs, and families of his country, so that he might not be reported a stranger when the Almighty pleased to call him thither. These and the like discourses held until word was brought that dinner was served; we endeavoured all we could to withdraw, but there was no possibility for it after he had made us this compliment, "I assure you, gentlemen, I shall never be for straining man's inclinations: however, our grandfathers, who were worthy people, dined, and I hope there can be no fault found that we do the same." There is every day a regular table of ten or twelve covers well served, unto which some of the qualified persons of his court, or travellers, are invited: it is supplied with English and French cooking, French and Italian wines; but I took notice that the Pretender eat only of the English dishes, and made his dinner of roast beef, and what we call Devonshire pie; he also prefers our March beer, which he has from Leghorn, to the best wines: at the dessert, he drinks his glass of champagne very heartily, and to do him justice, he is as free and cheerful at his table as any man I know; he spoke much in favour of our English ladies, and said he was persuaded he had not many enemies among them; then he carried a health to them. The princess with a smiling countenance took up the matter, and said, "I think then, Sir, it would be but just that I drink to the cavaliers." Sometime after, the Pretender began a health to the prosperity of all friends in England, which he addressed to me. I took the freedom to reply, that as I presumed he meant his own friends, he would not take it ill that I meant mine. "I assure you, Sir," said he, "that the friends you mean can have no great share of prosperity till they become mine; therefore, here's prosperity to yours and mine." After we had eat and drank very heartily, the princess told us we must go see her son, which could not be refused; he is really a fine promising child, and is attended by English women, mostly Protestants, which the princess observed to us, saying, that as she believed he was to live and die among Protestants, she thought fit to have him brought up by their hands; and that in the country where she was born there was no other distinction but that of honour and dishonour. These women, and particularly two Londoners, kept such a racket about us to make us kiss the young Pretender's hand, that to get clear of them as soon as we could, we were forced to comply: the princess laughed very heartily, and told us that she did not question but the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early an acquaintance with her son. I thought myself under the necessity of making her the compliment, that being hers, he could not miss being good and happy. On the next post-day, we went, as commonly the English gentlemen here do, to the Pretender's house for news. He had received a great many letters, and after perusing them he told us that there was no great prospect of amendment in the affairs of England; that the secret committee and several other honest men were taking abundance of pains to find out the cause of the nation's destruction, which knowledge, when attained to, would avail only to give the more concern to the public, without procuring relief; for that the authors would find means to be above the reach of the common course of justice: he bemoaned the misfortune of England groaning under a load of debts, and the severe hardships contracted and imposed to support foreign interests; he lamented the ill-treatment and disregard of the ancient nobility; and said it gave him great trouble to see the interest of the nation abandoned to the direction of a new set of people, who must at any rate enrich themselves by the spoil of their country; "some may imagine," continued he, "that these calamities are not displeasing to me, because they may, in some measure, turn to my advantage; I renounce all such unworthy thoughts."

In our former notice of this work we commented upon the author's style and characteristics. It is, therefore, unnecessary to repeat our opinions here. They have not been altered by the perusal of this third and concluding volume. The book is not the less attractive because the authoress is herself a thorough Jacobite in sentiment, and her task has been performed in the spirit of an enthusiast.

SCIENCE.

Lectures illustrative of various Subjects in Pathology and Surgery. By Sir BENJAMIN C. BRODIE, Bart. F.R.S. &c. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

WHEN Sir B. BRODIE resigned the arduous duty of lecturing systematically at St. George's Hospital, he did not abandon the chair altogether. Occasionally he indulged the students with discourses on miscellaneous subjects, and of these the greater portion of this volume consists. The others were delivered to the College of Surgeons, and their total number is twenty-one.

The topics are very various, the lecturer's design being to narrate the miscellaneous results of his long experience upon the subject of disease in general, incidentally touching upon particular ailments, rather than pursuing a settled theme. This it is that makes these lectures almost as interesting to the general as to the professional reader. They are remarkably free from technicalities; they affect none of the mystery of the schools; the simplest descriptions are given; the seemingly most common-place instructions are offered. But so it is with the real masters of science; they can convey it clearly to other minds, because they have a clear conception of it in their own; it is the half-taught pretender who conceals the shallowness of his knowledge under the forbidding veil of a jargon of technicalities. We select a few passages which remarkably illustrate this, and are really interesting in themselves.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DROWNING.

If a small animal be immersed in water in a transparent glass vessel, the phenomena of drowning are readily observable. There is first a deep expiration by which bubbles of air are expelled from the lungs. There is then an effort to inspire; but the effort is ineffectual, there being no air which can be received into the lungs; and a spasm of the muscles seems to prevent the admission of water in any considerable quantity into the trachea. The attempts to breathe are repeated several times; and after each attempt a small quantity of air is expelled from the mouth and nostrils, until the air-cells of the lungs are most completely emptied. Then the animal becomes insensible, and convulsive actions of the muscles mark the instant when the brain begins to suffer from the influx of the dark-coloured blood. After these convulsions the animal is motionless, and gives no signs of life; but if the hand be applied to the thorax, the pulsation of the heart, gradually becoming fainter and fainter, indicates that some remains of vitality still linger in the system. Before the circulation ceases altogether, the muscles of respiration resume their action, and some ineffectual efforts are again made to breathe. It is a remarkable circumstance that the diaphragm continues to exert itself nearly as long as the heart itself, so that the interval between the cessation of the attempts to breathe and the cessation of the motions of the heart, short as it is in animals that die of strangulation, is shorter still in those that perish from drowning. These phenomena follow each other in rapid succession, and the whole scene is closed, and the living animal is converted into a lifeless corpse, in the brief space of a few minutes. I have never opened the thorax of an animal in which the heart was found acting in such a manner as to maintain the circulation of the blood so long as five minutes after complete submersion; and from the information which I have received from some of the medical attendants at the receiving-houses of the Royal Humane Society, I am led to believe that the period is very rarely, if ever, longer than this in the human subject.

What sound sense is there in the following!

NATURE THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

There are many diseases which, for the most part, undergo a spontaneous cure; and we should be always very cautious how, in such cases, we disturb the natural process. A prudent physician watches a case of measles or smallpox, but it is only on some special occasions that he ventures to have recourse to any active remedies. The surgeon ought to be influenced by similar views in the management of the cases which come under his care; those, especially, in which the patient suffers from the effects of mechanical injury. The animal system is not like a clock or a steam-engine, which, being broken, you must send to the clockmaker or the engineer to mend it, and which cannot be repaired otherwise. The living machine, unlike the works of human invention, has the power of repairing itself; it contains within itself its own engineer, who, for the most part, requires no more than some very slight assistance at our hands. We bring the edges of the wound into contact, but the vascular union, which constitutes the healing by the first intention, is the work of a higher art than any that we profess to practise. If this mode of union fails, and the wound is to be healed by granulations, still this is not accomplished by our means. So, where there is a simple fracture, all that we can do is to place the two ends of the bones in a proper position, and keep them in it. The process by which they are made to unite, so as to be again consolidated into one bone, is not under our dominion and control. These are, it is true, examples of slighter and simpler injury; but even in those in which the injury is more severe and complicated it is easy for us to interfere to the patient's disadvantage; and in fact it may be truly said, that there is, on the whole, more harm done by too much than there is by too little interference.

It is consolatory to find a surgeon of such large experience as Sir B. BRODIE giving his sanction to the truth of the proverb,

WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE.

The first question which should present itself to you in the management of a particular case is this—Is the disease one of which the patient may recover, or is it not? There are indeed too many cases in which the patient's condition is so manifestly hopeless, that it is impossible for you to overlook it. Let me, however, caution you that you do not, in any instance, arrive too hastily at this conclusion. Our knowledge is not so absolute and certain as to prevent even well-informed persons being occasionally mistaken on this point. This is true especially with respect to the affections of internal organs. Individuals have been restored to health who were supposed to be dying of disease in the lungs or mesenteric glands. But it is also true, though to a less extent, with respect to diseases of parts which are situated externally. I know females who are now alive and well, who were supposed to labour under malignant disease of the uterus; and I could mention many cases in which patients have recovered of what had been regarded as an incurable disease of a joint. It is a good rule in the practice of our art, as in the common affairs of life, for us to look on the favourable side of the question, as far as we can consistently with reason do so. A sanguine mind, tempered with a good judgment, is the best for a medical practitioner. Those who from physical cause or habit are of a desponding character, will sometimes abandon a patient to a speedy death, whom another would have preserved altogether, or for a considerable time.

It would be well if bootmakers could be brought to adopt a rational shape for boots and shoes, and still better if ladies and gentlemen would encourage a change that would add so much to their comfort. Sir B. BRODIE thus describes

THE CAUSE OF CORNS.

If shoes were constructed of the shape of the human foot, neither too large nor too small, and making an equal pressure everywhere, corns and bunions of the feet would never exist. But, unfortunately, shoes are seldom made after this fashion; and in ladies' shoes especially there are generally two signal defects,—first, the extremity of the shoe is much too narrow for that part of the foot, (namely, the toes,) which it is to contain; and, secondly, for the purpose of displaying as much of

the foot as possible, the whole of the tarsus and metatarsus is left uncovered, and the pressure of the shoe in front is thrown entirely upon the toes. The toes are thus first squeezed against each other, and then pushed out of their natural position; and all the projecting points, chiefly where the joints are situated, are pinched and tormented either by the neighbouring toes or by the leather of the shoe; and thus it is that corns of the feet are generated.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Rambles in Normandy. By JAMES HAIRBY, M.D.
London, 1846. How.

If the wood-cuts in this volume are copies of sketches by the author, he certainly handles the pen better than the pencil. The text is lively, pleasant, readable chit-chat, telling in a manner that interests as much as the matter the results of Dr. HAIRBY's observations during a tour in Normandy. He mingled in society, explored scenery, made search after traditions, noted customs and observed costumes, and put the *tout ensemble* into print for the amusement and edification of such of the public as love to read of strange persons, places, and habits of dress, thought and talk. We shall limit our extracts to a few passages that contain some novelty.

To visitors and emigrants very useful will be the following hints as to

FRENCH INTRODUCTIONS.

With respect also to the chances which the English seekers after good French society may have of success, I would add a remark. Though it is well understood that they, or any other foreigners in France, must first leave their cards with the French, as the initiative to any visiting intercourse, and equally known that the calls will be returned sooner or later, it by no means follows as a certainty that the invitations of the English will be accepted, far less that they will be returned in kind. The native families (of any distinction) will first ascertain how those English families have been received by their compatriots of station, and what is thought of them as to manners and habits; they are not so imprudent as to associate readily with characters of equivocal rank or position; but if an intercourse be once established between strangers and the French residents, who have regular and frequent *soirées*, the former will be always admissible on open nights, unless an intimation be given to the contrary, and that intimation the French are exceedingly unwilling to send, even to an individual whose conduct may deserve exclusion.

Of universal interest will be the doctor's observations on

SOCIETY IN FRANCE.

One peculiarity which puzzles an Englishman, is the want of any fixed precedence for individuals of acknowledged rank. Neither the countess nor marchioness, as a thing of course, takes precedence of untitled ladies, and if an English person of rank is politely distinguished in a French party, the distinction will be as much the result of attention to the stranger, as of respect to the station; there is, therefore, an easy intercourse in every company, the humblest of which feels that he or she is on a perfect equality, as to companionship for the time, with the others: there is none of that nice admeasurement of civilities, according to the degree of rank, or fictitious importance which often is so offensively marked by us with such exclusiveness to favoured individuals, and rude indifference to others, as offends equally against good taste, good feeling, and sound judgment. The French, in my humble opinion, have none of this folly; the individual who possesses the talents for pleasing, or the information for instructing, is at once placed in a prominent position in the social circle. There is good sense in this; the pride of mere rank is not tolerated; there must be something positively good, or agreeable in the guest, who, without such qualification, will meet with little deferential homage; the democratic turn of the French restrains them powerfully from offering extreme and punctilious court to the possession of a titled name, while a sufficient degree of polite respect is most willingly offered. In short, rank has no undue preference; the attainment of it does not

compensate for deficiencies in other respects, nor does the aristocracy of mere wealth weigh a single feather, even with the most determined republicans and haters of the coronet—vulgarity and ignorance lolling in a coach-and-four may excite the respect of a large portion of my countrymen, but I am convinced that, without the superior qualifications of good breeding and pleasing deportment, the French of any reputable class of society would feel quite differently. The universal politeness exercised towards *le beau sexe* insures to any female the attention due to one—for example, an English governess, however high her attainments, is often proverbially treated amongst us by the vulgar-minded as if she were a menial, or at best, of an inferior grade. In French society her chances of mortification from the proud, the rude, the malicious, or the inconsiderate and selfish, are comparatively few. She is not made to feel that she is not one of the company, except by *suffrance*. But when I mention the excellencies, I must qualify my praise by saying, that to my taste, there is much chilling formality in the intercourse of French society, especially between the sexes. There is something of the burlesque, according to our notions, in the unvaried bowing between persons who meet, perhaps every day of their lives. The salaam of a gentleman, going his round in a circle of ladies, and bending with solemnity to each of them in succession, with *Madame* or *Mademoiselle*, "J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer," or, in the most profound silence, while the objects of this homage hardly venture on a look of recognition, is perfectly incomprehensible to the untravelled Englishman; yet such is the prevalence of national habit, that no length of acquaintance would warrant a gentleman to shake hands with young unmarried ladies, if unconnected with them by near relationship, and scarcely with an old one, single or wedded, in public company. How incorrectly, then, would an Englishman complain of an inhospitable and freezing reception in a French party, if a degree of familiarity should not be extended to him by the company of either sex, which, according to their views of good breeding and propriety, is not usual among themselves.

Our author's notices on etiquette, which, as it is not recognized here, often subjects our countrymen to the charge of want of good breeding, will be useful:—

FRENCH ETIQUETTE.

Notices, what he considers a great rudeness in us, of which many Englishmen, on their first arrival in France, are unconscious of. The instance to which I allude is this: one man, accompanied by many others, meets a lady whom he knows, walking in the midst of a party, among whom are gentlemen, with whom he has no acquaintance; he bows to the lady, every gentleman on his side raises his hat, and every gentleman in her suite returns the salute. Nor is this etiquette limited to intercourse with the fair sex; the same courtesy is observed between groups of men; a bow to one is the signal for a general salute. Now John Bull, at first, under the circumstances stated, takes no notice of a raised hat that is not raised to himself individually; and says to the ladies in his company afterwards, when they perhaps school him for his rudeness, "Why should I take off my hat, when they did not bow to me?" Of course such a person is deemed a *bête*, in the first instance, by the Frenchmen.

And there is fairness and good sense in this general judgment on the relative

POLITENESS OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

On the whole, as respects mere outward manners, I think that the average amount is much in favour of the French. The first classes of society in England, taken as a body, are pre-eminent among all nations in true elegance; but when we come to the subordinate grades, the admission must be made, that there is more good-breeding among the French, and that they are incomparably more fluent and agreeable in conversation, as mere companions, than our folks of the same condition.

He notes the greater efficiency of the

FRENCH CRIMINAL LAW.

Robberies and offences against the person scarcely ever occur in the provincial parts of France, from the obvious reason, that the law punishes such offences with extreme, but

most judicious severity. None of those brutal outrages which we daily read of in our newspapers are committed by the French against each other. The mockery of a 5*l.* fine, or imprisonment for two or three weeks, for a desperate assault on, perhaps, a most unoffending sufferer, would not satisfy the more judicious and effective legislation of France, by which the criminal in such case would assuredly be condemned to an imprisonment of many months. An *amende* in small sum of money, which would be no punishment to a man in easy circumstances, would be considered in France an insult to justice.

Recollections of a Tour: a Summer Ramble in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. By J. W. MASSIE, D.D. M. R. I. A.; Author of "Continental India," &c. London: Snow.

So plentiful are the published tours in the countries traversed by Dr. MASSIE, that unless they are remarkable for deviations from the beaten track, or some peculiar opportunities enjoyed by the author for access into the *penetralia* of society, or for brilliancy of composition, it is necessary to pass them with a very brief notice, lest our readers should weary with the monotony of the subject, and the names of Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland upon a title-page become the signal for skipping the columns in which aught appertaining to them appears. Dr. MASSIE is a Presbyterian divine, who was directed to travel, that he might recruit his health, shattered by too close an attention to his duties. He took the usual tour, and, on his return, made his travels the subject of a series of evening lectures, which pleased his audiences so much, that he was induced, on their entreaty, to put them into the form of a continuous narrative, such as they are now presented in a goodly tome of some five hundred pages.

The reader will wonder how so much could have been made of a theme by this time pretty well exhausted. Dr. MASSIE has made good use of his "Murray." He never enters a town without introducing a "full, true, and particular" account of its history, its commerce, its religious institutions, all of which would be sufficiently acceptable, were it not that they are facts that have been made familiar to the public by tourists and guide-books innumerable; yet does Dr. MASSIE repeat them with as much grave formality as if he was then publishing them for the first time. His style is oratorical, as might have been expected from the confessed origin of the volume, and there are passages of great eloquence and power that frequently relieve the iteration of well-known facts. He certainly presents them in an agreeable form, and these "Recollections of Travel" can be recommended for young readers, to be introduced, for the first time, to the portion of Europe described by Dr. MASSIE. To them they will be instructive and interesting, and, from the forcible manner in which they are presented, will be likely to impress themselves vividly upon the memory. Two or three passages will suffice to shew the style of the author.

The following facts will be new to most of the thousands who yearly, *en route* to the Rhine, fly through

VERVIERS.

There are 40,000 hands employed in and around Verviers, in the woollen manufacture. A population of 20,000 are resident in Verviers at least. There are somewhere about three principal houses, that employ a large number of hands. I am sorry to say that the manufacturing classes there are not paid more than half the wages of the manufacturing classes here; and that they cannot provide for themselves from the beginning of the year to the end of the year, except upon very singularly rare occasions, anything in the shape of animal food; brown bread and sour-crust being their principal provisions from day to day. In consequence of their low wages, (and probably it is in consequence of the professedly cheap food that they have such low wages,) they are enabled to produce goods at a cheaper rate than our manufacturers are able to supply them in this country.

We have seen many pranks of German students, but never such ungentlemanly conduct as this narrated of a party of

BONN STUDENTS.

The young men paced up and down, from the forecastle to the poop, on the deck; here in the cabin, and there in the saloon. There were four or five gentlemen travelling with their carriages on board the steamer, whose ladies' maids chose to sit on the dickies or box-seats of the carriages, whilst they were sailing up the river. The young men of Bonn went peering and peeping into the faces of the females; and, after various elementary exercises, seemed to think they had accomplished a great achievement when they could put three words together in English. I stood by, and heard them attempting the conjugation of the verb *to love*, in the present tense, indicative mood, and adding the objective pronoun "you." The process was—"love;" "I love;" "you;" "love you;" "I love—love you;" "I love you." Then standing bolt upright, and looking into the countenances of the females seated on the dickies, they slowly pronounced the words "I love you;" and turned again to their companions, who were ready to shout their congratulations, as if they thought this was mighty fine. Again, stepping up on the wheels, and opening the doors of the carriages, they frankly and coolly examined what sort of ornaments and linings and fringes the carriages had. All these were gentlemen's sons; some of them were princes. There was a prince among the custodiers, or guardians, as well as a professor's son. It was, therefore, no clandestine or unsanctioned adventure of the young men. By deputy and delegate the authorities of the University were present, and regulated whatever was acknowledged. They had come on board, for what purpose? For nothing else than revelry. They were, before they left us, some of them in convulsions with drinking. The leaders of them had to take care of such. I saw them repeatedly—as a well-understood remedy for the delirium of inebriation—pour water upon their temples, in order to bring them to their senses, which they had lost by drinking wine and brandy. Many of the travellers had brought well-stocked flasks on board with them; and others had bought the drink on board the vessel. They landed at a place called Linz; attempting the martial array of procession again, but falling into the disorderly rout of bacchanals after the fearful orgies of intoxication. Some of them, not able to walk, but almost insensible, were carried as logs by their companions. They landed at this town on the Saturday afternoon, in order that they might spend the remainder of that day, the entire night, the whole of the next day, and return late on Sunday night to Bonn.

At Cologne he was informed of a singular circumstance:—

I did not hear of one resident of Cologne who dared to defy ecclesiastical hostility and censure, in attempts to diffuse Scripture truth, with the exception of one pious and erratic churchman from England, and his wife, an interesting Irishwoman. They appeared to live alone; and yet rejoiced to labour for the diffusion of knowledge. They told me that they circulated many religious books, and were then superintending the preparation of a work to be printed in German; the expense of which was defrayed by an acknowledged atheist, who would not come into personal collision with the [Romish] Church, but would readily give his money to the support of what will bring down superstition.

FICTION.

Pericles: a Tale of Athens in the Eighty-third Olympiad. By the Author of "A Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy." In 2 vols. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

WHY is it that the classical novels so often attempted by the most accomplished authors, by men imbued with the spirit of classic literature, familiar with all the facts recorded of the classical ages, aye, and who have been successful in every other form of historical romance, have almost invariably proved a failure, despite of learning and eloquence, and power of description lavished in their

composition? Times long passed, extinct states of society, personages of whom history has preserved but faint outlines; the people, and the manners, and the scenery of distant lands are continually revived by our novelists, if not in strict accordance with the fact, yet with so life-like an aspect that to the reader they appear as realities. But when the pens that have accomplished this attempt to depict the men and manners of Greece and Rome, whatever their narrative and dramatic powers, however full of the knowledge necessary for completing the details of the picture, they fail to arrest the sympathies of the reader. The learning may instruct, the style may awaken admiration, the wit and wisdom may tempt recurrence to the pages; but never does the subject make captive the mind and charm it to forgetfulness of the world without, by the illusion that such things were, that the tale is true, that such personages so lived, and loved, and endured, and triumphed; and therefore never do they move those sympathies which can only be stirred in the soul where such an illusion is created.

And the very word *classic* carries with it no impress of vitality. Who has ever pictured to himself the veritable inhabitants of Greece and Rome, as real men and women; followed them in idea into domestic life; imaged them as engaged in the sordid cares that make up the greater portion of the existence of every person;—thought of them as tailors and bootmakers, linendrapers and haberdashers, measuring lengths of linen, keeping cheap shops, calculating profit and loss, and striving to live by all the arts by which men earn their bread in our own day? Are they not in the imaginations of all of us dreams, not verities? The ablest novelist cannot *realize* them. When he endeavours to bring them before us, what stiff, statue-like forms they are! When he tries to make them talk, how hard, unnatural, undramatic the language he puts into their mouths! No man ever conversed in such set phrases—no thoughts ever flowed in such a formal strain. Wherefore is it so? Why *cannot* we think as they thought, and speak as they spoke?

We throw out the problem for the exercise of the reader's ingenuity; to attempt to solve it here would be a labour for which leisure and space are wanting alike. The fact is certain, and the cause would well repay the inquiry.

Pericles, with all its unquestionable excellencies, affords another illustration of the remarks we have ventured. It is a classical novel. Its purpose is to depict Athens and the Athenians under the sway of the accomplished ruler whose name is given to the book. It is in its composition very eloquent, in its construction very artistic, in its learning very exact, in its design very estimable. But it partakes of the defect we have noticed as common to all classical novels:—it does not impress the mind with a sense of reality, and therefore it does not rouse the sympathies of the reader. Seldom have we read a more faultless book; but worse than the presence of faults is the absence of that vitality of which we have spoken.

Pericles and *Aspasia* are the principal personages about whom the rest revolve. But the author has availed himself of the license allowed to the novelist, and represented the accomplished mistress of the statesman as a woman virtuous save for this one fault, and that excused by the devoted love existing between them, afterwards sanctified by marriage, when Pericles had procured a divorce from a wife whose real or suspected infidelity had almost justified his parting from her. The character of *Aspasia* is finished with elaborate care. She is represented as excellent in wisdom as in beauty; a woman endowed by nature with all qualities that command the admiration of the world, and not wanting in those that secure respect and affection at home. He makes her a philosopher, hostile to the popular superstitions of the time, a worshipper of one God.

Around these stars are clustered all the names enum-

rated by history as gracing that glorious age. Phidias; Anaxagoras, the philosopher; Socrates, his greater pupil; Thucydides, the paragon of historians; Cleon, the man of the people and others of lesser note, figure in the story. The conflict between the principles of aristocracy and democracy affords opportunities for reflection which the author intends the reader to apply to his own era. But this is never made offensively prominent; it is rather insinuated than uttered.

Altogether, though as a mere novel it is wanting in interest, it is a work which may be read with profit, as a correct picture of the times of which it treats, so far as history has preserved the details, and the many passages of truthful observation and reflection that abound will be remembered as applicable to occurrences in everyday life. Two or three extracts will suffice to exhibit the author's style, and stimulate to a further acquaintance.

A specimen of his descriptive powers is

A PASSAGE FROM THE TRIAL OF ASPASIA.

And now Pericles, leaving the place he had hitherto occupied behind Aspasia, moved slowly forward, and ascended the Bema. Not a voice, not a breath disturbed the deep silence, so intense was the curiosity of all to hear in what manner he would open the defence; but, to the astonishment of all, he stood silent: worn with watching and anxiety, he could feel his heart beat and his temples throb; but the collectedness of mind which was needed to enable him to do justice to the cause was gone; and in the agony of feeling that his mental power was failing him at the moment when it was most needed, the proud strong man covered his face with his mantle, and burst into tears. A glance of triumph was exchanged between the accusers: but it was short-lived, for when did Athenian feeling ever sleep? At the sight of that unwanted emotion in him who till then had seemed as impassable as the god after whom they had loved to name him, the judges rose tumultuously from their seats, and crowded to the altar; while one herculean form and deep voice raised and swelled the cry, which was immediately echoed by the rest—“Aspasia is innocent, Aspasia is acquitted.” Pericles raised his head like a man suddenly awakened from a frightful dream, and almost staggered under the sudden rush of joyful feeling; and then he saw that brawny arm which swung the hammer so well, raised towards him, while the broad face was lighted with a smile of triumph; and he recognized Metrodorus the armorer, who replied to his look of grateful recollection by a fresh shout of “Aspasia is innocent, Aspasia is acquitted;” and he saw no more—for the heart of Athens was with him, and Aspasia was in his arms.

Another. It is a very finished picture of

ATHENS AT EARLY MORNING.

Day dawned upon the city, and the silence of the night gave place to the bustle of a dense population. Crowds of country-people were thronging to the Agora with the produce of their farms and gardens; and the braying of the laden asses, and the loud greetings of the parties as they met, and the disputes of fishermen arriving with their much-sought dainties, each contending for the best place for their display, formed a confusion of sounds such as only a southern people can produce; while occasionally the cries of a slave under the lash rose above the general clang, and showed that some master or steward rose early, and looked closely to his affairs. Here and there some wealthy mansion displayed a gateway still twined with faded flowers; and on the pavement within, pieces of garlands, and fragments of bread trampled in the mire of beastly intemperance, showed that a numerous supper-party had met there the night before. Drowsy slaves were beginning to remove the foul testimony of the night's debauch; and here and there in the streets might be seen some young reveller who was reeling home to sleep off the consequences of his nightly orgies; his hair still garlanded with drooping roses, his shoulders uncovered, his costly robe trailing behind him in the dust, and his fine countenance disfigured by the imbecility of drunkenness. Throngs of labourers were hastening to the Acropolis, where the directors of the works were awaiting them; and in a few moments more, hundreds of hammers

and chisels were ringing gaily on the fabrics which formed the glory of that age, and have been the admiration of all subsequent ones. The white marble of the rising edifices glittered against the clear blue sky, while the few dark figures in active employ on the summits of the buildings merely showed that the work was still proceeding, without injuring its outline. It is one peculiarity of a southern climate, that the reflection of the sun's rays from the parts on which they impinge is so strong that the shadows disappear; and thus the Parthenon, with its countless lines of columns, and its magnificent entablature, stood in a blaze of whiteness, as if fashioned rather from the clouds of heaven than from any earthly material.

And for an instance of his thoughtful moods, take this very beautiful and truthful reflection—

MAN IS NOT BORN TO SORROW.

The record of human life is far more melancholy than its course: the hours of quiet enjoyment are not noted; the thousand graces and happinesses of social life, the loveliness of nature meeting us at every step, the buoyancy of spirit resulting from health and a pure air, the bright sun, the starry firmament—all that cheers man on his road through his probationary state, that warms the heart and makes life pleasant, is omitted in the narrative, which can only deal with facts; and we read of disappointment, and sickness, and death, and exclaim, "Why is man born to sorrow?" He is not so: years of enjoyment brace the soul for the grief when it comes; and when it does come, it comes mixed with so many alleviating circumstances, for those who do not wilfully reject all the lesser pleasures which the loving Father of all his works has with so tender a care scattered at our feet, that even the grief is far less in the reality than it appears in the relation.

POETRY.

Poems. By DAVID HOLT, Jun. Manchester: Gillett. THESE poems are entitled to consideration, not for the reason that they are the production of a young writer, but that, being such, they are unusually good. It is true that the poems want decisiveness of character, and a sustained grandeur of tone, but this is a deficiency that continuous study, we believe, will enable Mr. HOLT to supply. Youth generally produces poetry with too speedy an earnestness. It does not sufficiently pause and think. It does not discriminate and select that nutritious element in composition which strengthens the mind of a reader. It sees a flower in the way-side, whose only recommendation is its colour, and straight-way it plucks it, and holds it forth to the world as a sample of beauty. No one can deny its exterior beauty, but at the same time it may be totally deficient of any potent and medicinal quality. Poetry is medicinal, because poetry has a healthy influence on the mind. APOLLO is a mental ESCULAPIUS. It is because youth writes from impulse, without blending impulse with sufficient judgment and thought, that the first productions of youth rarely or never become a large portion of a public creed, or occupy an extensive space in public remembrance.

Now, although we express our liking of Mr. HOLT's poems, yet we do not for a moment suppose that they will be popular or generally read. Whoever reads them will, if honest, pronounce them deficient, while he declares them meritorious. It must not be understood that *faults* and *deficiencies* are synonymous terms. A fault is a direct turning aside from certain propositions which mark the line of excellence. A deficiency is not a diverging from this given line, but, either from ignorance or weakness, an inability to reach it. Now as the ignorance and deficiency of the child always precede the intelligence and strength of the man, so the deficiencies of the poet eventually merge into a complete development, which is strength of idea, and strength of language. Believing this, we are most anxious to form a correct opinion of a writer's first

attempt in writing, whether it be in philosophy or poetry. It is our wish never to crush the tender bud of talent, however singularly undeveloped; and never to swerve from our duty when a writer comes before the world devoid of merit. Our duty, then, is firmly, but not sternly, to inform him of his error. Sneers, instead of calm advice, have been the too prevalent vice of reviewers. A sneer is a critic's weakness. VOLTAIRE's sneer made VOLTAIRE a less philosopher than the most ordinary good-humoured man in France. But from our remarks we do not wish that Mr. HOLT should flatter himself into the idea that he is a great genius, or a genius undefined. His writings do not evince so much. They merely indicate that Mr. HOLT has outsped the shoal of literary minnows who gambol in the Castalian waters. What Mr. HOLT has done is little compared to what he must accomplish before his name shall be applauded "to the very echo which shall applaud again." Study and close attention, not to the art, but to the more generalizing principle of poetry, is as necessary to Mr. HOLT's mind, as the food which he consumes is requisite to his physical strength.

The Flight of Armida. Cantos 3 to 7. Vol. II. London, 1846. Chapman.

THE first volume, containing the two first cantos of this poem, we have never seen. But the advertisement makes a very awkward confession. "There is, however, one fact which it might be as well to mention, that is, that the author was a mere boy when this work was undertaken; and that it was pursued, perhaps injudiciously, at a very early age, and before his resources or reason had been sufficiently matured by reflection, study, and observation."

Why, we ask, if the author makes such an admission, if he be conscious that his mind was not sufficiently matured to write such a poem, does he presume to publish it? The world will only read poetry when it is good and pleasing in itself, and not because of the circumstances under which it is produced. It is no excuse for inferior verses that they are the composition of a boy; yet is this plea continually put forward as the excuse for printing that which is really worthless. The author of *The Flight of Armida* has, it seems to us, by his own admission put himself out of Court. If such be his judgment upon himself, with all the natural partiality of an author for his own production, he can scarcely expect that other critics will disturb the verdict.

The Dream of the Opium-eater. By OWEN HOWELL. London: Mathew.

THERE is poetry in Mr. HOWELL. He shows the faults common to insufficient practice, but there is often visible in his verses the flashing of genuine inspiration.

The Dream of the Opium-eater is a poem in irregular blank verse, and so far defective, for, although rhyme is not a necessary ingredient in poetry, the absence of it is in itself a fault, and almost always an indication of idleness on the part of the poet. He avoids it because it is tedious and troublesome. But, besides being an ornament of poetry, the use of rhyme is advantageous, by compelling slow composition, forcing the writer to dwell upon his lines, and to cast and recast them in his mind, and so affording opportunity for improvement, and, above all, for condensation. We advise Mr. HOWELL not again to avoid rhyme, save in the acknowledged form of blank verse. Then we shall be glad to welcome him again.

EDUCATION.

A Guide to the Anglo-Saxon Tongue; a Grammar after Erasmus Rask, &c. By EDWARD JOHNSTON VERNON, B.A. London, 1846. John Russell Smith.

THE object of this work is to furnish the student of the Anglo-Saxon tongue with a volume of compact size, and at trifling cost, which shall be at once a grammar and a guide. The first six chapters are mainly abridged from the learned treatise of the late Professor RASK, of Copenhagen. It is to be hoped that this publication, placing a knowledge of the

fine language of our ancestors within the reach of all who have a little leisure to devote to it, will induce thousands to cultivate it, if only as the best key to an intimate acquaintance with the structure of our own language. A knowledge of Anglo-Saxon is not only gratifying to the curiosity, but of great practical utility, and Mr. VERNON's grammar is the most intelligent guide to it that has yet appeared.

The History of France, from the earliest Period to the present Time. By Miss JULIA CORNER. London: Dean and Co.

ONE of the now extensive series of histories for youthful reading given to the world by Miss CORNER, and which has proved so popular, that of this *History of France* alone no less than six thousand have been already circulated. Nothing more eloquent than this fact can be said in its favour.

First Lessons in English History. By the Rev. Dr. GILES.
London : Hayward and Adam.

London : Hayward and Adam.
An outline of English History, in the form of catechism, a form to which we have a very great objection. A book, to attract the attention of children, should contain an unbroken narrative, made as *pictorial* as possible, that is, presenting to the mind images of objects, and not abstract ideas, individuals, not classes, particular facts, and not general views or deductions, conveyed in words familiar to youthful ears. After the child has read this narrative, the teacher should put questions with a view to ascertain if the mind had formed distinct ideas of the subject, and if the memory retained them. But to teach by catechism in the first instance is a great blunder, which a fair trial of the two systems will discover in a moment.

RELIGION.

A Sermon preached at Bury St. Edmunds, at the Lent Assizes, 1846, before Mr. Baron Parke and Mr. Justice Maule. By GEORGE SANDBY, jun. Chaplain to the High Sheriff. London: Baillière.

High Sheriff. London: Bannister.
It is much to be lamented that the clergy do not more frequently exert the influence derived from the possession of the pulpit, in the midst of a large audience whose ears they command, and whose heads and hearts are peculiarly open to the reception of their arguments and exhortations, for the purpose of diffusing great moral truths, and promoting substantial improvements in the social condition of the community. What a glorious opportunity, for instance, is offered by "the Assize Sermon" in a provincial town, the church thronged with all classes from the whole country round, all eager to hear, as well as to see; all open to the reception of whatever the chaplain might choose to give utterance to on so solemn an occasion, and the judges of the land, who have the power to carry theory into practical operation, not inattentive listeners to the address. Yet how rarely do we find the chaplain equal to his occasion! At the best, we hear only a sermon full of the common-places of the pulpit, put together with a little more attention to paragraph spinning than for ordinary purposes the worthy preacher deems it necessary to adopt. The sum of such sermons is, "It is very wrong to be wicked; highly perilous to present and future happiness. It is both proper and profitable to be virtuous." Stripped of these platitudes, the verbiage swept away, this is the substance into which the half hour's declamation resolves itself. The excellent chaplain never thinks of telling us *how* men are to avoid vice and cultivate virtue: he never troubles himself to trace *to its source*; to drag to the circumstances that make men criminals; and to tell his audience what bounden duty is theirs, not only to be good themselves, but to purify the pestilent atmosphere in which crime is bred, or to remove the criminals from the influences that have made them what they are.

Thanks, therefore, a thousand thanks, to the Rev.

GEORGE SANDBY, for having set a new and better example—for having asserted the prerogative of his holy office to fill the ears of his assize audience at Bury, and stir the hearts of the learned judges and the men of the law who were among them, to higher considerations than are wont to engage the attention of such an assembly. In the sermon before us, he fearlessly proclaims great truths in this strain of pure and lofty eloquence :—

nature of its institution, often leave those spots the most unassisted that are most in want; not an education, that is fed for a season by the proselyting activity of rival religionists, that too often employ the "engrafted word" of life, less as "the sword of the Spirit," than as the weapon of some carnal and unchristian controversy: but an education large, comprehensive, generous, and unexclusive; one which, not disturbing the prior claims of the parent or friend, shall yet secure for the most neglected orphan the provision of a sound and adequate instruction; one that, respecting the religious scruples of the most suspicious and the most intolerant, shall yet cordially co-operate, where co-operation is courted, with the views of any church, or separatist, or sect; an education, not national only in name, but national in its resources,—in its administration, in its paternal character, and in its end;—national, not as is seen in another country, by drilling the mind of the rising generation into one uniform shape, and cramping its vigour of thought through the sameness of a procrustean system, which is made to fit the most opposite intellects; but national in the universality of its application, national in its adaptation to each plan, and scheme, and theory of instruction; national by its giving full play to the native bent and genius of the people; an education, that shall first raise the school-master in the scale of society, and then send him forth with his bible, his primer, his slate, and all the means and appliances of a corporeal and mental training, into each hamlet, and court, and cellar, and by-street and factory, through the length and breadth of the land! Nothing short of a large, liberal, general measure like this, organized, superintended, and fostered by the State, can overtake the many thousand souls that are now perishing in the deepest ignorance, or arrest in their progress those calendars of crime that are every year increasing with our increasing population. All other schemes that have hitherto been adopted, admirable as they are or may be, are but palliatives and makeshifts, filming over the sore in a few favoured spots, but leaving the great cancer of society eating, and spreading, and mining on within. And though for a measure of this magnitude public opinion at present be but little ripe, and though governments may be reluctant to commence the initiative, and though pious and good men may feel alarmed about the faith and independence of their respective churches, still, unless punishments be deemed easier than preventions of crime, and unless special gaol deliveries, and a third or even a fourth assize be regarded as more simple and humanizing than schools and training establishments, and unless fresh tracts in Australia are to be opened for fresh gangs and generations of convicts—to something of this nature we must come at last. And it is for the thinking and the educated classes—for them that feel the responsibilities of their station, and the Christian obligations they owe their "neighbour," in the scriptural meaning of that word, to let the question be shaken well about in men's minds by discussion, by petitions, by publications, by exertions of every kind "in season and out of season," and by earnestly pressing its adoption on our legislature and governments, who by so many encouraging indications have lately shewn themselves not indisposed for the consideration. We must shew to the economist that it will be cheap; to the utilitarian that it will be of incalculable benefit; to the politician that it will strengthen the bands of society; to the moralist and philosopher that it will purify the mind; and, more than all, to the Christian that it will chasten the soul, and, through faith and well-directed feelings, elevate and lead men on to Heaven!

If all our clergy would do as Mr. SANDBY has done, society would speedily assume a healthier and more hopeful aspect.

One Hundred Skeletons and Sketches of Sermons. By Wesleyan Ministers. London, 1846. Bartlett.
This compact little volume contains the ~~most~~ sketches of sermons by celebrated ministers. The design is simple, and its utility is evident at a glance. The text is given; then in few words its general purport; then the divisions and subdivisions of the subject suggested by the text; and finally the conclusion to be deduced from the entire discourse. Four pages, upon the average, are sufficient for each sermon, and from this the labour of condensation may be judged. They will be useful to preachers out of the pale of the sect for whom they were com-

posed, for they are abundantly suggestive both of subjects, and of effective modes of treating them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers, and Politicians. London: Bogue, 1846.

THIS is just the volume over which the literary journalist loves to linger. It affords a boundless field for commentary and extract; the subject is attractive; the article is sure to be read by every body whose eyes light upon the columns that contain it; it pleasantly relieves the dullness of more learned themes, and helps marvellously to make that which to a judicious Editor is the end and aim of his labours—an *interesting* number of his journal. Inasmuch as it is the endeavour of the conductors of **THE CRITIC** at least to exempt it from the charge of dullness, to render it as amusing as possible to as great a variety of persons as possible, in short, to produce a journal for *family* reading, we shall offer no apology for dwelling upon these *Pen and Ink Sketches* at a length altogether disproportioned to the importance of the volume, either as regards its size or its contents. It is a book full of very agreeable gossip, telling much and suggesting much, and as its contents will supply the material for two or three pleasant papers, we shall offer no apology for lingering over it, so long as the mood is upon us.

Of the author nothing is known. He is evidently a literary man, who has mingled in society, and perhaps has a mania for lionizing. He has, however, turned his taste to some account. He possesses an observant eye and a strong memory, and he has carried away graphic portraits of the personages to whom he has been introduced.

The first chapter is devoted to Recollections of **ROBERT HALL**. The sketcher paid a visit to his chapel in Bristol, and was introduced to him in the vestry. This is his portrait of the great preacher,

ROBERT HALL

After we had waited for about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Hall made his appearance. He was rather below the average height, stout, and inclining to corpulency. His chest was very broad and capacious—the face large, and its features massive. His eyes were large, dark, and full, and his forehead high and broad. The head, which was bald, except at the back, and over the temples, had an indescribable grandeur about it. The worst part of his face was the mouth, which was very large, and the under lip somewhat protruded; the chin was large and projecting. This gave an appearance of heaviness to his general aspect. No one with an observant eye could for a moment gaze on Mr. Hall's majestic countenance without being at once struck with the expression of almost torture which was evident in it. He seemed to be constantly endeavouring to conceal bodily suffering—and it was so, for he was in reality a martyr to one of the most painful diseases that can affect humanity—calculi in the kidneys. After he had divested himself of his great coat, he had a pipe and some tobacco brought him, and having puffed away for a little time, he pulled off his dress coat, lay down on his back on the hearth rug, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. This was his usual habit, before entering the pulpit. The agony he endured compelled him to spend a great portion of his time in a recumbent position, and it was only by the use of tobacco and opium, in large quantities, that he could ever obtain even comparative ease. His custom was to smoke ~~regularly until the time of his sermon~~ arrived when it was required of him to commence his sermon. ~~He would~~ And leave his pipe at the door of the pulpit, in readiness for and to resume his Nicotian habit the moment after he had concluded his discourse.

Among the audience on that occasion were Lord (then Mr.) BROUGHAM and Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. Powerful indeed must have been the preacher who

could attract bishops to a dissenter's meeting-house. "On one of his visits to Bristol," says COTTELL, "when preaching at the chapel in Broadmead, a competent individual noticed in the thronged assembly, an Irish bishop, a dean, and thirteen clergymen." HALL's manner in the pulpit is eloquently described in a passage extracted from the *North British Review*.

ROBERT HALL'S ORATORY.

The text of his discourse was usually announced in the feeblest tone, chiefly from an incapacity of voice, and in a rapid manner, so as frequently to be inaudible to the majority of his congregation. He then introduced the general topic in a calm perspicuous statement, remarkable chiefly for its simplicity, and not often calculated to give a stranger any promise of what was to come. It seemed to be marked by no effort; frequently consisting of an exposition of the context, with a few plain observations. At times, however, he would commence with some important sentiment, striking the attention at once, and making the rest of his discourse a continual development of some fine train of thought which lay embedded in his own mind, and became every moment more visible as he disclosed it by a course of close, consecutive, and convincing reasoning. His most metaphysical addresses would gradually merge into earnest appeals. After the exordium, he would commonly hint at, rather than explicitly announce, the very simple divisions of the subject on which he intended to treat. Then his thoughts would begin to multiply, and the rapidity of his utterance, always considerable, would increase as he proceeded and kindled—evidently urged on by the momentum of his conceptions. He had no oratorical action, scarcely any kind of motion, excepting an occasional lifting or waving of the right hand; and in his most impassioned moments, an alternate retreat and advance in the pulpit by a short step. Sometimes the pain in his back, to which he was so great a martyr, would induce him to throw his arm behind, as if to give himself ease or support in the long continued, and, to him, afflictive position of standing to address the people. Nothing of the effect which he produced depended on extraneous circumstances. There was no pomp, no rhetorical flourish, and few, though whenever they did occur, very appropriate images; excepting towards the close of his sermon, when his imagination became excursive, and he winged his way through the loftiest sphere of contemplation. His sublimest discourses were in the beginning didactic and argumentative, then descriptive and pathetic, and, finally, in the highest and best sense, imaginative. Truth was their universal element, and to enforce its claims was his constant aim. Whether he attempted to engage the reason, the affections, or the fancy, all was subsidiary to this great end. He was always in earnest—profoundly in earnest. He lost himself in the glories of his theme: and amidst the fervours of his eloquence, the force of his argumentation, and the beauty of his diction, it was manifest that his supreme aim was to "win souls to Christ." Notwithstanding many hesitations at the outset, there was a continual flow—a flow of elegant expression, exquisite turns of thought, pure sentiment, and exalted feeling. Among other qualities of his public speaking, it was one of the most extraordinary that, even while the rapidity of the utterance was such as almost to outrun the apprehension of his hearers, every word, though by no means minutely premeditated, was as proper in itself, and as beautifully collocated, as if it had been the result of long and laborious consideration. He could touch at will the inner springs of emotion, dive into the recesses of the mind, expose sophism, vanquish error, and stem the fierce revolt of prejudice; and with equal success could he speak to the experienced and aged Christian, awakening at a touch his liveliest and holiest sensibilities, imparting consolation to the troubled mind, unfolding the mysteries, while he breathed the spirit of the gospel, dissipating the influence of evil agency, encountering the efforts of inherent corruption, opening heaven to view, making its glories palpable, and by leading you through the gates of the celestial city, rendering the enchanted hearers conscious of strange joys, which seemed not to belong to earth, but to some more elevated state of existence. Then the bodily organs would appear to be almost incapable of furnishing a channel wide enough for the stream of thought, which expanded as it flowed, till it spread as into an ocean glowing with the morning light of eternity."

The author has preserved a few anecdotes of the preacher, some of which are new to us. For instance,

A SHE-PREACHER.

"What do you think of Mr. ——, Mr. Hall?" asked a friend of him one day, when seated in confidential chat with the great preacher in his study. "Why, Sir," replied Mr. Hall, "Mr. —— is a remarkable man—a very remarkable man in his line; mark me, I say *in his line*, Sir." "And pray, Sir, what may you consider to be his 'line'?" "Why," said Hall, "Mr. —— is a remarkably good *she*-preacher, Sir—a *she*-preacher, Sir; *soft* preaching is his line, Sir."

HALL ON ALBUMS.

A young lady acquaintance of mine, who resided in the country, was extremely anxious that Mr. Hall should contribute something to her album, and she begged me to forward it to the great man, with her request backed by mine. I did not much like the matter, but was so circumstanced that I could not well refuse. So I packed up the precious book, whose pages were graced with the effusions of small poetasters and petty prosers, and despatched it to Mr. Hall's house. There it remained for some time, and when, at last, it was returned, Mr. Hall had written in it. At the bottom of a page he had scrawled, in his almost illegible hand—

"It is my humble opinion that albums are very foolish things."

"ROBERT HALL."

An authentic account is here given of that which has been the subject of many contradictory stories, and no wonder; it is almost too strange to be true.

HALL'S MARRIAGE.

The history of his marriage was a singular one. It has been related in a dozen different ways, but I believe the following account of it to be correct:—One day, whilst alighting at a friend's door for the purpose of dining with him, he was joked on his bachelorhood. He said nothing, but whilst at table was observed to take particular notice of the servant girl, who came in to replenish the fire. After dinner, as he was sitting alone in the study, the young woman again entered it with the coal-scuttle, when Mr. Hall, whom she had supposed scarcely less than a king, said to her, "Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" The girl replied, that she hoped that she did, taking the question merely as an accustomed one from a minister. To her utter surprise and consternation, however, Mr. Hall immediately followed it up by falling on his knees and exclaiming, "then, Betty, you must love *me*," and asked her to marry him. In her astonishment she ran away, and said she believed Mr. Hall had gone mad again (he had been once deranged). Her master, like herself, was surprised, and on his speaking with Mr. Hall on the subject, the latter declared his intention of marrying the girl, who he said had taken his fancy by the manner in which she put the coals on. They were married, and lived happily together. His widow survives him.

JOHN FOSTER, the famous author of the "Essays," is another of our author's reminiscences. His father was a weaver, and he was himself bred to the loom, but quitted it in disgust, and toiled himself into the ministry. Here is the pen and ink portrait of him.

JOHN FOSTER.

Not one of the published portraits give anything like an idea of Foster; the one by Branwhite resembles him when he was younger; but as we saw him, we should not have recognised in it any traces of the original. Mr. Foster's face was large, and the features massive; the forehead was very high, and pyramidal in shape, being broadest at its lower portion. His head was covered by a very evident curly wig, which one might at a glance discover was not of the most fashionable manufacture. A huge pair of silver spectacles, with circular glasses almost as big as penny-pieces, nearly concealed two dark small eyes, which glistened brightly beneath a couple of shaggy eyebrows; the face was ploughed with deep lines, and the forehead furrowed all over with "wrinkles of thought;" around his neck was a dingy white cravat, and his coat was ill-fitting, and of a rusty black. Altogether he was the most slovenly looking man we ever saw in a pulpit. As we are not going to write a critique on Mr. Foster's sermon, we shall not

dwell upon it, but confine ourselves principally to the describing his manner in the pulpit. After he had given out his text in a mumbling, gurgling, husky voice, he commenced somewhat in this way—"Now, I dare say some of you will think I am going to preach a very odd sermon from such an odd text;" and then he went on, gradually enlisting the attention of his hearers, whilst he described in magnificent language the idol temples of the East. Soon, his congregation were wrapt in wonder and delight, as they listened to his gorgeous descriptions, and we do not think that one individual present stirred hand or foot until his glowing discourse came to an end. Then long-suspended breathing found indulgence in deep-drawn sighs, and every one gazed at every one else, and looked or nodded admiration. Some remained for a time with lips apart and eyes still fixed upon the pulpit, as if spell-bound; and all felt, on the termination of the discourse, a relief from the pressure on the intellect, which the ponderous stores, heaped on it from the magazine of the orator, had occasioned.

His manners are represented as peculiarly forbidding; his conversation odd; his eye piercing, "so that it looked into one, and there was no escaping from its scrutiny." He never smiled, and his whole aspect was gloomy. He was a man of strong prejudices; he refused to meet SOUTHEY at a party because he considered him an apostate. He lived, indeed, the life of a hermit, and he died alone; his family left him sleeping, and found him a corpse.

DR. LANT CARPENTER was another of the remarkable men of Bristol, and, although a Unitarian, was much respected by the members of all other sects. This is the sketch of him:—

DR. CARPENTER.

He was what might be called a "little man," by which I mean, one rather under the middle size, as it is termed. His frame was so remarkably slender and attenuated, that, at the first glance, his head seemed to be strangely disproportioned to it in size; and seldom has any eye looked upon a more splendid cranium, or one which, phrenologically speaking, indicated a more accurately-balanced mental organization. The forehead was singularly high and expansive, bald, or nearly so, on its upper portion, and the temples were thinly covered with lightish hair. His eyes were grey in colour, and possessed an inexpressive calmness and sweetness in their expression. The nose was very, nay, remarkably long, but not by any means aquiline, and the mouth was benevolently formed. So very remarkable was the breadth of the forehead on the summit, that the whole face somewhat resembled, when seen in full, a pyramid in shape, the apex being formed by the point of the long chin, just the reverse, in fact, of the facial appearance of his Majesty, Louis Philippe, whose pear-shaped head and face, the stem part upwards, has afforded such abundant and ludicrous material to caricaturists. A simple white cravat encircled his collarless neck, and, of course, the doctor's attire consisted of plain, clerical, sober black. The voice of Dr. Carpenter was remarkably striking and beautiful; and, says his son, in a memoir of his father, "from its peculiar qualities he was able, in a remarkable degree, to combine solemnity with the cheerfulness of confiding faith in his addresses to the Deity. In his reading of the Scriptures, and the hymns, he often conveyed thoughts which were not before connected with the words." We can bear willing testimony to the truth of these remarks, for never have we heard hymns "given out" as they were by Dr. Carpenter.

Turn we now to another, who dwelt in the same neighbourhood; whose name is still famous, although her repute is rather traditional than derived from any peculiar esteem felt for her writings by the present generation: we allude to HANNAH MORE, and to an account of a day spent with her the author devotes an entire chapter. These were the author's first impressions of

HANNAH MORE.

She was dressed in a black silk gown, with a remarkably high waist, according to the fashion of the day, so high, indeed, that it seemed to be just beneath her armpits; this gave an appearance of unusual length to her figure, and afforded a

striking contrast to the hour-glass contractions of the present time. Mrs. More's shoulders were covered with a thick shawl, deeply edged with black lace, for she was an invalid, and her feet were protected by substantial shoes, worsted stockings, and pattens. On her head she wore what was called a high mob cap, with ample bordering of lace, nicely plaited, and tied in a monstrous bow under the chin. On her hands she had black cotton gloves, with long sleeves, the tips of the fingers having been cut off. As soon as she heard our voices, she turned round and held out her left hand (in her right was a pair of garden scissors) to welcome us. This celebrated woman was then past seventy years of age, and very feeble in health, but her face had a surprisingly vivacious expression. I have seen many portraits of her, but never one which conveyed an accurate idea of the original. Pickersgill's, prefixed to the collected edition of her works, is the best, but that is too flashy in detail for its somewhat staid and sober subject. Her features were small, and furrowed with the lines of age, but her complexion was remarkably clear—almost pure red and white, owing, no doubt, to her long residence in the country. Her forehead was nearly concealed at the sides by an abundance of false hair, which was disposed in the shape of two huge bundles and bunches of long spiral curls; but in the centre, where these appendages met, or rather from whence they diverged, there was visible an ample cerebric development. The nose had evidently, at one time, been short and thick, but it was now thin and slightly hooked. The mouth was but slightly retracted, and the lips wonderfully plump for so old a woman; her chin was doubled and dimpled. But the most striking part of her countenance was the expression of her eyes, which were coal black, deep set, and very brilliant; none of their fire seemed quenched; and in earlier days they must have been very expressive; indeed, they were so when I saw her, despite the drawback of a faded set of features to match them. Altogether, she was in appearance very plain, very prim, and very precise.

Another personage will more interest our readers. The fifth chapter contains "A Memory of Mrs. HEMANS," whom the author visited at her residence at Wavertree, near Liverpool. Here she is in person:—

MRS. HEMANS.

I cannot well conceive a more exquisitely beautiful creature than Mrs. Hemans was—none of the portraits or busts I have ever seen of her do her justice, nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated on the sides, in rich and luxuriant auburn curls; there was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet there was a chastened sadness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead looked as pure and spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face; but when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be but "a little lower than the angels"—fitting shrine for so pure a mind! Let me not be deemed a flatterer or an enthusiast, in thus describing her, for I am only one of many, who have been almost as much captivated by her personal beauty, as charmed by the sweetness and holiness of her productions. If ever poems were the reflex of the beauties, personal and mental, of their writers, they were indeed so in the case of Mrs. Hemans.

She said that she had never been in London. Very interesting are these recollections of the conversations with the poetess:—

"Come—I will shew you my poetic mint," she said—and she led the way to a room over the one in which we were sitting. It was a very small place, but neat almost to a fault. There were no author-litterings. Every thing was in order. An open letter lay on the table. She pointed to it, and said, laughingly: "An application for my autograph, and the postage unpaid. You cannot imagine how I am annoyed with albums and such matters. A person, who ought to have known better, sent me an album, lately, and begged a piece from me, if it was only long enough to fill up a page of sky-blue tinted paper, which he had selected for me to write upon." In incidentally referring to her compositions, she said:

"They often remain chiming in my mind for days, before I commit them to paper. And sometimes I quite forget many, which I compose as I lie awake in bed. Composition is less a labour with me than the act of writing down what has impressed me, excepting in the case of blank verse, which always involves something like labour. My thoughts have been so used to go in the harness of rhyme, that when they are suffered to run without it, they are often diffused, or I lose sight, in the ardour of composition, of the leading idea altogether." Mrs. Hemans' voice was peculiarly musical, and I would have given any thing to have heard her reiterate some of her own poetry; but I did not dare to hazard such a request, and feeling that I had intruded quite long enough on her time, I after short time took my departure. I must not omit to mention, for the especial benefit of my fair readers, that Mrs. Hemans' dress was simple enough. She wore a white gown (I really am not learned enough in such matters to say whether it was of cotton or muslin), over which was thrown a black lace shawl—on her head was a cap of very open net-work, without flowers or ornament of any kind.

And here we pause for the present; but more than half the volume remains to be examined.

Recollections of a French Marchioness. In 2 vols.
London, 1846. Newby.

ONE of those books which occasionally relieve the toils of the reviewer, by presenting nothing that is a proper subject for criticism. There is no continuous narrative to be tried, for it is avowedly a miscellaneous collection of gossip; no style to be examined, for it pretends to none; no moral to be proved, for none is asserted. It is simply a work designed to amuse an idle hour—the recollections of an old lady whose memory goes back to the times preceding the Revolution, and who has thus preserved, for the amusement of a new generation, the most vivid impressions made upon her mind by that which has passed. The authoress, *RENEE-CHARLOTTE VICTOIRE DE FROULAY DE TESSE*, *Marchioness de Créquy, de Heymont, &c.* was one of the most remarkable women of the day; she died at the age of one hundred and upwards, and these memoirs were written by her grandson from her dictation. It may be imagined that such a life, ranging over such an eventful period of the world's history, in the country that was the centre from which the most remarkable events emanated, presented a vast and varied field for a collection of its reminiscences. Nor will the reader be disappointed. We have no other task to perform than to extract some of the most curious passages convenient to our space, and, if they please, the reader will doubtless be induced to turn to the volumes themselves for more. We shall take them almost at random. Here are some curious

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD KEITH.

Milord Maréchal (I shall never be able to write that name without emotion) was, when I saw him at my uncle's, a handsome Scotchman, twenty-four years of age, intelligent, sensible, and grave. He came from England on a mission from the English Jacobites to the refugees, and he had political audiences at the Hotel de Breteuil, where he used to meet his uncles the Dukes of Perth and Melfort. If you wish to have an idea of his personal appearance, you must look at that charming portrait of the handsome Caylus, the favourite of Henry the Third, which you inherited from the Connétable de Lédiguières, and which is among our pictures in a gilt frame encrusted with amethysts. (Be it said, in speaking of this picture, that Henry the Third had forgotten it in his oratory at Chenonceaux, and it was Queen Louise de Vaudemont who presented it to the constable.) The young lord fell in love with your grandmother, then a young girl, and not devoid (according to other people) of attractions. We began by looking at one another, first with curiosity, then with interest, and at last with emotion. Next we used to listen to the conversation of each other, without being able to answer a word, and then

neither could speak at all in the presence of the other, owing to our voices at first trembling, and then failing us altogether. So, to make a long story short, he one day said to me, *apropos* to nothing, "If I dared to fall in love with you, would you ever forgive me?" "I should be enchanted," said I, and we relapsed into our usual formal silence, bestowing as many looks as we could upon one another, and our eyes beaming with radiant happiness. In this manner did we spend six weeks or two months, looking without speaking, each day bringing increased delight. My aunt permitted him to give me some lessons in Spanish, not English; for, in fact, at that time no one thought of learning English, nor any other northern language. The people of the north learnt French, but the French learnt only Italian or Castilian. Milord Georges spoke Spanish and Italian quite as well as French, that is to say, perfectly. He came once, and sat upon a bench behind mine, for a young lady in my day was never installed in a chair with a back, much less in an arm-chair. As the lessons which he gave me never took place except in the Hotel de Breteuil, under the eye of my aunt, and in the presence of numerous spectators, there was no reason why my cousin Emilie should take offence; and yet this was always the case. Milord Georges had translated into French for me (after the English fashion, in blank verse, that is to say, without rhyme, but not without reason) a charming stanza that his father had written for him, and which I often in my thoughts apply to you:—

When first thy wakening eyes beheld the light,
Thou wert in tears, whilst those around thee smiled;
So live, that when thy spirit takes its flight,
Thine be the smiles and theirs the tears, my child.

He related to me one evening with great glee, the adventures of some Dutch heiress who had eloped with an English Orange-man; her parents had put in the London papers, that if she would not return, at least to send back the key of the tea-caddy, which she had carried away with her! This set me off laughing, upon which Mlle. de Preuilly fancied we were making game of her, when I am sure she was not even in our thoughts. Emilie uttered thereon some remarks, and this decided the young lord to make a proposal of marriage for me, which was immediately submitted to my father, my grandmother (of whom I have lately syoken), and my aunt De Breteuil-Charmeaux, the coward, who shrieked at the idea, because the Marischal of Scotland must be a Protestant! I had never thought of that! The discovery burst upon me so suddenly and so grievously, that I cannot even now dwell on it without shuddering, and without having a bitter recollection of what I suffered. We ascertained, however, that he was a Calvinist, and he said so himself; and Heaven is my witness that from that moment I did not hesitate. I refused the hand of Milord Maréchal; and two days afterwards he set off to return to his own country; from whence he wrote to my aunt to say, that grief and despair would lead him to acts which would bring him to the scaffold. There, my dear child, is the history of the only predilection I ever had in my life for any one except M. de Créquy, to whom I was honest enough to talk of it without reserve. When we met again, after a lapse of many years, we made a discovery which equally surprised and affected us both. We had never ceased thinking of one another; our hearts had been so devotedly attached, that they remained replete with sentiments which at first made us melancholy, but were afterwards a source of the highest gratification. There is a world of difference between the love which has endured throughout a lifetime, and that which burnt fiercely in our youth, and there paused. In the latter case, time has not laid bare defects, nor taught the bitter lesson of mutual failings; a delusion has existed on both sides, which experience has not destroyed, and delighting in the idea of each other's perfections, that thought has seemed to smile on both with unspeakable sweetness, till, when we meet in a grey old age, feelings so tender, so pure, and so solemn arise, that they can be compared to no other sentiments or impressions of which our nature is capable. This visit of the Marischal of Scotland took place in the presence of Madame de Nevers, and it moved her to the depths of her soul. You were born then, my dear grandson! and the Maréchal was seventy years of age. "Listen," said he, "listen to the only French verses I ever composed, and perhaps to the only reproaches that were ever addressed to you;

Un trait, lancé par caprice
M'atteignit dans mon printemps !
J'en porte la cicatrice
Encor sous mes cheveux blances.
Craignez les maux qu'amour cause,
Et plaignez un insensé
Qui n'a point cueilli la rose,
Et que l'épine a blessé.

From those proud eyes two or three tears trickled down his venerable cheeks. "Are you going again immediately to join the king?" said I; "shall we be separated for ever?—will you never be converted to the true faith?" "I am *des vostres* after, as before, death," said he, with beautiful simplicity. "I have ever loved you too well not to embrace your religion—what religion can equal that which gives us strength to make self-sacrifices? In fact, I have become a Catholic, and I am Catholic in spirit and in truth." This announcement from so noble an old man has been the joy and comfort of the rest of my life!

The Marchioness relates two remarkable interviews that will convey a more distinct notion of her term of life than figures. The first was with LOUIS the FOURTEENTH, the other with NAPOLEON!

This is the narrative of the former:—

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

The King arrived very soon afterwards, without any further announcement than the folding doors being thrown open, and the entrance of a gentleman of the household, who, preceding his Majesty by three or four minutes, made a profound obeisance to Madame de Maintenon without speaking, just as they announced dinner to the King and Queen. His Majesty had several steps to take on entering the room, and he appeared to walk with pain; nevertheless he made a very graceful bow to Madame de Maintenon. "Here," she said, "is a young lady whom I have taken the liberty of detaining, in order that I might present her to the King; it is hardly necessary for me to mention her name." "I conclude, then," replied his Majesty, "that she owes her presence here to my god-daughter; there is a sort of spiritual parentage between Mademoiselle and myself, but we are also related in another way," he added; and all this time he was looking at me as though he would say, "you may think yourself fortunate." "I request the King's permission for you to kiss his hand," said my grandmother, with an air of proud humility, totally free from servility or obsequiousness; and his Majesty extended it as though he offered it for me to kiss—with the palm underneath—instead of which he immediately closed it on taking hold of mine, and deigned to raise it to his lips. Nanon, the important and celebrated Nanon, came and whispered something in her mistress's ear, and thereupon Madame, the widow of Monsieur, the King's brother, made her appearance. Madame de Maintenon caused an arm-chair to be placed for her (having first risen to salute her), but Madame awaited it on the spot where she stood, looking as cold and cutting as the north wind, and without making any sort of return for the civility. This princess was dressed up something like an Amazon, in a man's cloth doublet, laced at all the seams; her wig was similar to that of his Majesty, and her hat exactly the same as his, which hat was not taken off, nor even raised whilst she was bowing to us, a ceremony she got through with considerable ease. It is as well to add, that this horrible princess had her feet in boots, and a whip in her hand; she was badly formed, badly set up, and evilly disposed towards every thing and everybody. Madame de Froulay asked the King to allow her to present me to Madame, when she made a bow *d la cavalière*, and began questioning me about the health of the grand prior de Froulay, about whom I knew exactly nothing! so that I remained mute, with my mouth open, and Madame maintained to her dying day that I was *plus bête qu'un carpe!* I must tell you that this mother of the Regent lived on soup *à la bière* and salt beef; she continually partook of a certain ragout made of fermented cabbage, which she had sent to her from the palatinate, and whenever it was served the whole quarter of the palace which she inhabited was perfectly unbearable from the smell of this noxious vegetable. She called it *schaucaout*, and as she wished to make every one who dined with her taste it, those who escaped had the best of it.

Here is

A DISTINGUISHED GROUP.

The Marquis de Dangeau used to come and sleep sometimes at the Hotel de Breteuil, but he was always wrapt in such impenetrable folds of decorum, that I am really at a loss what to tell you about him, except that, to me, he was the most annoying person in the world, and I was always in alarm lest I should say or do something of which he would disapprove. It was said at the time, that he was writing his memoirs, and when at last they appeared, they did not strike me as being either more interesting or less insignificant than their author. The old Duc de St. Simon, who used only to pay us visits, and never supped from home lest he should have to entertain in return, was also fabricating memoirs. I say fabricating, because I have heard him protest, in my presence, more than hundred times, that none of the circumstances therein detailed ever happened to him! You may therefore judge of the estimation in which I held his veracity. He was a miserable, sick creature, dried up with envy, devoured by vain ambition, and always harping upon his ducal coronet. Jean Baptiste Rousseau used to compare his eyes to "two coals set in an *omelette*;" and trifling as the simile seems, it is not the less true. Jean Baptiste Rousseau, who had the face of a Silenus and the figure of a rustic, came sometimes to dine at the Hotel de Breteuil, but not to sup, as that would not have been *de convenance*. We were enchanted with his odes, and my uncle allowed him a pension of 600 livres, which our cousins continued to him in Flanders after his exile and lawsuit, in which Saurin behaved most unworthily.

We now light upon

AN ODDITY.

At the Chateau de Canaples, regular hours for meals were prohibited; you might take breakfast, luncheon, or refreshment whenever you pleased (provided you did not call it dinner or supper), in a sort of refectory where the sideboard was laid out, sometimes well, sometimes ill, with otter-pasties made at Wrolland, and bear hams from the possessions of M. de Canaples in Canada. He could not endure jack-spits—he called them the invention of tradesmen and financiers, therefore all the meat in his house was roasted after the fashion of the thirteenth century, *i.e.* by means of a revolving wheel with open spokes, in which was imprisoned a large dog, who struggled in it like a fury, and always ended by going mad. You have no idea of the consumption of dogs that took place in that kitchen. The poor Countess had no one to wait on her but laquais or *heidugues* (Hungarian foot soldiers), consequently she was obliged to dress and undress herself. Her husband had dismissed all the women-servants, because he declared that it was ladies' maids who gave the dogs fleas! In short, there was no end to the account Mlle. des Houlières gave of the whims of this man. It was during her stay at Canaples, that the wild beast of Gévaudan, which had been tracked in blood on its beast to Marvejols, and vainly pursued for four months, took up its quarters in the old cemetery of Freschin, where it made the most disgusting havoc. M. de Buffon, some time afterwards, came to the conclusion that it was an African hyena, escaped from a travelling managerie, which was at Montpellier about that period, but from the description of Mlle. des Houlières, who had seen it, I am convinced it must have been a lynx. This horrible animal at last devoured the two children of your uncle's huntsman, upon which the former determined to watch for it in the cemetery of Freschin, where the creature took refuge every night, gaining entrance by springing over the walls. It is well known that it was this very Count de Canaples who killed it with a spit! He was anxious that Mlle. des Houlières, who was the tenth Muse of her day, should compose him a pastoral on the subject; "and I also wish," said he, "that it should be to the air of

Mon aimable boscagère
Que fais-tu dans ces vallons."

Whereupon Mlle. des Houlières set herself to write the following famous song, consisting of two verses of eight syllables. "When you have repeated them over and over again to the end of each stanza," said she merrily, "you will be just as well pleased, and just as far advanced as though the lines were properly finished—now listen, *mes réverendes mères!*"

Elle a tant mangé de monde
 La bête du Gévaudan !
 Elle a tant mangé de monde
 La bête du Gévaudan !
 Elle a tant mangé de monde !

And then she recommenced, I know not how many times, always to the same air of *l'aimable boscaire*, and until she chose to end the song.

(To be continued.)

The Sick Chamber. London, 1846. Chapman.

How much of the present comfort and the chances of ultimate recovery depend upon the judicious management of a sick chamber, they only can appreciate who have been confined to its little world by illness in themselves, or whose duties have required of them to watch there over the infirmities of others. "When it is considered," says the author of this treatise, "how large a portion of a woman's life is passed in nursing, or in being nursed, it seems strange that this most useful and necessary art does not hold a prominent place in her education." To aid in the extension of that useful information is the object of this brief essay, and its teachings are the result of personal experience. They are eminently practical.

The character of the nurse is a primary consideration; she must sympathize with the feelings of the invalid, be in manner calm and composed, yet cheerful; never harsh, never angry, never losing her presence of mind.

The management of the patient requires considerable tact; firmness is necessary, but it should always be exercised with kindness. Patients are like children in this. In delirium especially is this quality of firmness requisite. Often it will rouse the patient to consciousness by the influence of mind over mind. "A steady eye and voice are of more use, in such a case, than the strongest arm." We extract another hint, which deserves to be committed to memory. "Delirium sometimes comes on from exhaustion. I have known it stopped by some slight refreshment. A little barley water, with a few drops of sal volatile, is a good thing."

Nervous patients are to be soothed, inspired with confidence, sympathised with, but never ridiculed. Fancies are to them realities. They feel the anguish they describe, only there is not a sufficient outward cause for it. Another rule is never to talk to them about their disorders; divert their thoughts by conversing cheerfully on other subjects.

Quiet is an object much insisted upon by our authoress. But this does not mean perfect silence, for that is often painful to the patient; still less does it imply whispering, which is always improper, as exciting attention without gratifying it, and awaking suspicion in the sensitive mind of an invalid. "All conversation in which the patient does not take a part should be avoided." A quill thrust through the key-hole of the door will intimate that there is no admittance, without the necessity for knocking. The fire is another source of annoyance in a sick chamber. It needs careful management, yet is it generally poked and teased with entire unconsciousness of noise. "If you have a kettle of water in the room, be careful not to let it sing its melancholy song upon the hob. A newspaper is often a most unwelcome intruder into a sick room—the crackling is very troublesome. So also is the turning over of the leaves of a book. Nor less so is the rustling of the silk gown worn by the patient's friend, sister, or aunt, kindly come to stay with her."

Ventilation is another matter of primary importance, which cannot be too often or too earnestly impressed upon all who have the care of a sick room. In *all* cases of illness it is absolutely necessary. "If the weather be warm and fine, the window may safely be opened once or twice a day, if it be not kept open the whole of the

middle of the day. Even in cold weather, if the air is clear, the window may be opened a little in the course of the day." A fire promotes ventilation. When that cannot be had, a candle burning in the chimney-place will keep up a small current of air.

The patient should be well washed at least once a day; the hair should be combed and brushed; "if this be repeated again at night, your patient will have all the better chance of sleeping well. It is fatiguing, but nothing is more refreshing." An ingenious contrivance for washing the entire surface of the body, without exposure to the air, is described by the author, but it is too long for extract.

The art of making the bed is dwelt upon with particularity, nor can any instructions be more useful. In the matter of meals, nurses are recommended not to press the patient to eat. "Nature, that is, inclination, is generally our best guide in this matter. In the beginning of an illness she generally assists the patient, and deprives her of the power of injuring herself by destroying the appetite." In the food, observe strictly the directions of the medical man. No drink is so good as cold water, or toast and water.

The administration of medicine calls for some discretion. Say nothing about it to the patient till the time for taking it, and then bring it without a word, ready to be swallowed.

The management of blisters, leeches, poultices, night-watching, and the admission of visitors, have their appropriate instructions; and the author concludes—with some remarks on the duties of patients to endure with as little complaining as possible, and to be considerate of the labours and anxieties of those about them—one of the most useful, because one of the most sensible little manuals for domestic reading and reference which we have lighted upon since we commenced our record of the progress of publication.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Denkwürdigkeiten zur Geschichte der Kaiserin Josephine. Aus der Erinnerung Geschrieben, von BABETTE DIBELIUS. Hanover: Hahn.
Rueil, le Chateau de Richelieu, La Malmaison, avec Pièces Justificatives. Par JUL. JACQUIN et Jos. DUESBERG.

We have combined these two works in one notice, from the fact, that although very distinct in character, their subject is mainly the same, namely, reminiscences of that admirable woman who for a long period seemed to be the good star of NAPOLEON, and who, when surrounded by all the glitter and distractions of her eminent position, not only won hearts to herself, but knew how to retain them. The first work named above belongs to that class of memoirs or reminiscences, written quietly from the impressions on the mind, without either object or aim beyond the mere relation of facts; it is the work of a woman now advanced in years, the Frau BABETTE DIBELIUS, who has thus perpetuated the more interesting days of her youth, and left to her children some worthy memorial of herself. It will be in vain to search among these volumes for new records of the French empire; those only who wish to learn more of the Empress JOSEPHINE than they know now, or to hear of her in all the amiability and friendliness of her relations with the German Frau, must take up the volume; and to such as these it cannot fail of giving genuine pleasure.

Frau DIBELIUS lived with her husband, formerly a civil officer at Mainz, when, in the summer of the year 1804, NAPOLEON and JOSEPHINE spent some days in that city. It was, however, not until 1806 that JOSEPHINE, upon the warm recommendation of the GENERALIN LORGE, drew Frau DIBELIUS into her service. We hear much of the kindness and excellence of the

Empress, much of her habits and tone of mind, much, too, of a visit paid to Prince PRIMAS, in Frankfort, and the festivities entered into there and at Mayence. The same with regard to the visit of the Empress at Strasburg, and at Paris in the year 1809, where JOSEPHINE already apprehended the separation from NAPOLEON. To this date extend the reminiscences of Frau DIBELIUS, whose husband and son had both been distinguished and provided for by NAPOLEON. She enters into the most minute details of the Empress's occupations, pursuits, dress, apartments, household, everything, in short, which would interest a person in her situation. Of more general interest we may refer to the account given of the revolution in Mainz and Strasburg, where DORSCH BLAN and EULOGIUS SCHNEIDER are brought before us, and of the Prince LOUIS FERDINAND, of Prussia. Some few mistakes in names and incorrect statements are, of course, excusable on the score of the age of the authoress; and small as this little work may appear, it is one which, not only from the subject, but its way of treatment and pleasing style, must be sure of attracting more interest and attention than many a more pretending and bulky publication.

The second title refers to one among a projected series of volumes to be written on the most important and attractive environs of Paris—to contain sketches of their history, the circumstances that have brought them into notice, their associations—historical, literary, or picturesque, &c. This undertaking is designed and being carried out by the distinguished JACQUIN and the enterprising German DUESBERG, one who, with DELLIN, has done miracles for the spread of German literature in France, and who is likewise remarkable for his mastery over the difficulties always to be encountered by foreigners in the adoption of another language. This first number of the series is devoted to Rueil and La Malmaison, the latter the favourite residence of the Empress JOSEPHINE; and on account of the numerous interesting details and anecdotes relating to her, we have considered a joint notice of the two works to be desirable. Judging only from this one specimen of the intended series, we should say much care and attention was devoted to the plan, the design has been thoroughly undertaken, that is to say, with heart and spirit, and the result, we doubt not, will be successful.

The first part, referring to Rueil, once the residence of Cardinal RICHELIEU, its magnificent parks and gardens, to the trial of Marshal MARILLAC and other political events of all which Rueil was the scene—this part we consider as not rightly claiming our attention. Of Malmaison the editor justly observes that the name alone recalls one of the brightest eras of the French history. Malmaison was the favourite resort of BONAPARTE during the best and happiest period of his life, and it was from Malmaison that he departed to banishment in St. Helena.

What associations have we not connected with this little spot! What decrees have not issued from thence to change the fate of empires! Of what varied and absorbing discussions has not this council hall been witness! What brilliant fêtes have taken place in these saloons and these gardens! What unhappy scenes, too! what reproaches to the unhappy Josephine, she who could only love and suffer!

It is, indeed, to be wondered, that no writer of historical or domestic romance has ever thought of making Malmaison the subject of his muse, where the vivid—the real—would give quite another tone of truth and beauty than in the Paalzow romances of "Godwie Castle" and "St. Roche."

In the year 1798, JOSEPHINE purchased Malmaison from the family LECONTEUR, who, at the public sales of the lands and possessions of the nobles during the revolution, had made it their own, and enlarged the origi-

nally small estate by frequent and considerable purchases. We have next full details as to the beautifying of the great park through the means of beautiful trees, the exotic plants and flowers, enlarged greenhouses and conservatories, the Swiss cows in the valleys, the Spanish sheep on the hills, the rare swans and other aquatic birds in the lake; together with anecdotes illustrative of JOSEPHINE's interest in all these matters, and NAPOLEON's pleasure in this country abode, and his delight and sympathy in various games and festivities and theatricals (while, at the same time, we miss the most amusing and satisfactory details in the fourth volume of the memoirs of the DUCHESS D'ABRANTES), until increasing power and ambition rendered him the slave of a self-created code of etiquette. In other chapters we find copious information concerning the library and picture-gallery of the Empress, partly collected from other publications, partly from oral sources. With regard to the period before and after the divorce, we have here unfortunately but little information. The description of the festivities, &c. in the year 1814, at the visit of ALEXANDER of Russia, and FREDERICK WILLIAM III. of Prussia, at which period JOSEPHINE accidentally caught a cold, which brought her to her grave after a short illness, is however fully and graphically given. Every characteristic here traced is the more deserving of thanks as it is well authenticated, and corrects many erroneous statements formerly made.

With the death of JOSEPHINE and the restoration of the Bourbons, the magic which had encircled Malmaison entirely vanishes. In the church at Rueil a marble monument recalls the memory of the good Empress, and that of her daughter HORTENSIA. Many additions made to the castle and park by NAPOLEON have undergone great changes, and the works of art have been transported to the Leuchtenberg Palace at Munich; but the original estate remains, and, since the year 1843, has been the property of Queen MARIA CHRISTINA of Spain.

Among the references and authorities added to the work, there are to be found a genealogy of NAPOLEON, of the Beauharnais, Leuchtenberg, and Tascher families, and many similar papers. The early history of Rueil is likewise illustrated by corresponding documents.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Ware's Life of Henry Ware, jun.

(Concluded from page 456.)

"In August, 1824, General Lafayette being present at the annual celebration of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, Mr. Everett appeared as the orator on the occasion, and Mr. Ware was the poet. The person first assigned for this latter office had failed to appear, and Mr. Ware consented to supply his place at three days' notice. Two remarkable dreams had been told to him on the preceding Sunday evening, and 'under the strong excitement of the week,' as he says, he versified them; and this *impromptu* poem, a bold and beautiful lyric, called the 'Vision of Liberty,' was afterwards published. It is one of the most remarkable specimens of rapid poetical composition to be found in print.

"We have given but an imperfect sketch of Mr. Ware's multifarious labours at this period; but enough has been shown to make it a matter of no surprise, that his health broke down entirely under his incessant toil and mental excitement, and after one or two journeys in this country, which produced but partial benefit, he was obliged, in 1829, to give up his active duties for a while, and go to Europe with his wife, in the hope of repairing a shattered constitution by a change of scene and climate. He remained abroad nearly a year and a half, profiting but very little in point of health, but gaining the acquaintance and friendship of many distinguished

and estimable persons, and laying up a store of pleasant memories from the many remarkable scenes and objects which he visited. The portion of this volume relating to his foreign tour is so rich and entertaining, that we are tempted to extract largely from it; but the want of space will permit us to give our readers only a taste of its quality. The following is from a letter describing a visit to Miss Edgeworth:—

“ ‘ I think you will be pleased to hear from me, that your kind letter to Miss Edgeworth has procured for us a ready welcome and a delightful visit. We enclosed it to her, and sent it from Belfast, with a request to be informed whether she would be at home; as we thought it not worth while to drive sixty miles into the heart of Ireland with the risk of ‘ finding her absent.’—an old College bull which very properly presents itself at this moment. Her reply was a very gracious one, and we passed nearly two days at Edgeworthstown this week, she seeming pleased with the attention, but the other members of the family still more so, as they seem to be more proud of her than she is of herself; and we were exceedingly gratified by everything we saw and heard. Her manners are easy and animated, without being striking; her conversation very lively and rich, with a great variety of fine sentiments carelessly thrown out, and perpetual illustrations and images sometimes highly poetical, sometimes humorous, sometimes, perhaps, a little far-fetched, but always apparently accidental, and always rendering her talk delightful. She is too rapid and earnest to talk in set phrases, or to have any affection; and, as to a masculine way, which some have ascribed to her, it seems to me there is nothing anti-feminine about her, unless it be to talk a great deal, and occasionally to laugh heartily. But she does not talk loud and boisterously; and her laugh so ‘ rings from the soul,’ that even I, who seldom laugh, and am apt to be put out of countenance by a violent ebullition of that human peculiarity in others, could yet entirely sympathize with Miss Edgeworth, and wholly enjoy it:—for she has the discretion withal never to laugh long (a discretion, by the way, to be recommended to all who would make their mirth acceptable), and does not laugh from habit, but only when rightfully excited from sufficient cause. And I am sure it would be hard to find fault with her for laughing, who has occasioned so much exercise of that sort to others. I was pleased to notice perpetual proofs of great strength of feeling, and that of the most amiable kind. She drew us to her by this trait, and fairly compelled our love. It was not infrequently that we observed her eyes fill at the expression of a generous sentiment, or the relation of a touching anecdote. When I told her, that on my saying at my father’s that I intended to see her, little Charlotte immediately clapped her hands, and said, ‘ O, give my love to her! ’ the water came to her eyes at once;—and it is plain that she has practically all the love for children, and solicitude for their good, which are expressed in her works. She evinced it constantly in her treatment of her younger brother. Then we were much struck with the manner in which she spoke of other authors—so kindly and generously, so free from all petty feelings of jealousy, or whatever other evil emotion there may be; saying only what was kind, and taking pains to tell Lady Morgan’s story in such a way as to apologize for her affectations, and give us a better opinion of her character. Of Scott she had much to say, and read to us several of his very interesting letters. On the whole, not to prolong, we were highly gratified and satisfied, and not the less so, because we found we were the first Americans, if we rightly understood her, who had paid her a visit at her own house.’ ”

“ We find accounts of visits made by Mr. Ware to several other eminent persons in Great Britain; but we have room to quote only the following, relating to Mr. Southey.

“ ‘ Southey is fifty-five years old (he shewed me a portrait of himself taken at two years of age—fifty-three years ago—a round-faced, bright-eyed child, with a tremendous bush of hair—he seems to have been always an Absalom in this respect); he looks ten years younger; was dressed in white pantaloons; has a most aquiline nose, bright eyes, thick, bushy hair; is of middling size, blushes easily, and has a very sensitive face; his eyes filled with tears several times during our conversation.

He does not *dissertate*, nor at all attempt to show off, but talks on easily and naturally, in an affable and gentlemanlike way. He did not, any more than Wordsworth, disguise his partialities in politics or religion, and, as regards the Catholic question, declared that he would sooner have laid his head on the block, than have voted for the late measures of government. Wordsworth had put it on this ground, that the discontents of Ireland did not originate in the religious disabilities, and therefore could not be removed by removing them. From Ireland he (Southey) came to America. He spoke in terms of friendly interest; rejoiced that the more frequent intercourse was removing ill-will and jealousies; and said that he had more friends in Boston than in any city of the world, excepting London, and that, if he were a younger man, he should visit America, and see for himself the condition and prospects of society. In speaking of his situation, I remarked that he seemed to be both in retirement and in the midst of the world. To which he replied, that, for the three summer months, he was full of company and saw all his friends, and for the other nine was wholly secluded; and that he could not desire a happier arrangement; that the summer days were too long for study; he could work only by candle-light, and if he could have three hours, from half-past six to half-past nine, he would not care what became of the rest of the day. Something led him to speak of writing by dictation, and he said he never had done it, neither was ever able to employ another person in any way about his works, except some trifling copying. I asked if he was in the habit of copying for the press, or if he sent his first draught. He said he generally copied, always what was important, and that it was only in making the copy that he paid the slightest regard to style. He then shewed me his ‘ History of Brazil,’ in the progress of its manufacture, bound up in six manuscript volumes, containing, first, the notes and materials put down while reading for the preparation, and, secondly, the history as first written. The copy which the printer used was destroyed. Then he shewed me ‘ Thalaba,’ the second draught; the first was written on scraps; these were copied into a book, on every other page, corrections made on the page opposite, and a copy from this sent to the printer, and destroyed. ‘ Madoc,’ and ‘ The Curse of Kehama,’ are in the same state; the latter has three different beginnings in three different sorts of verse. Then he shewed me his unfinished American poem, called ‘ Oliver Newman,’ which is promised to Mr. Ticknor; and he bade me report progress to him. He read me a passage, which I liked much, but we were interrupted in the midst. He reads with a very peculiar intonation, which is, however, favourable to the metre, and not a bad specimen of poetical recitation; and occasionally he gesticulates with his arm. I afterwards read the opening canto, and thought it very beautiful,—as beautiful as the first in ‘ Thalaba.’ I asked him by what process he built his stories; whether he laid out the whole plan first, or invented as he went on. He said, that he made the story complete at first, and altered as he went on, just as they build cathedrals.’ ”

“ The letters from Rome, where our invalid spent the winter, and from other parts of Italy, are very interesting, as our readers may judge from the following admirable account of some of Thorwaldsen’s works.

“ ‘ Canova was exquisite in a certain line of beauty, but he could not go out of it; he had no variety, he repeated himself for ever, and has done nothing more than make a great family of brothers and sisters, with a striking family likeness, who had all been brought up by dancing-masters and posture-masters, and could not sit, stand, or look, except by rule. In one word, he was artificial. Thorwaldsen is natural. He copies, not from certain conventional rules of beauty and taste, which he has in his mind, but from the various models of nature. Consequently he does not repeat himself, and presents a variety of forms, expressions, and attitudes, that astonish you almost as much as those of Raffaello. Like his figures, too, they are easy and free, without constraint or artifice. It is one of Raffaello’s distinctions, that you never see any thing like stage effect; no attitudinizing, no strutting, no showing off of hands and limbs. A stranger may go into his Chambers and decide at once which of them he did not draw, by this criticism; the other pictures are not representations of the real

persons and scene, but of the persons and scene as represented on the stage,—not Constantine, &c., but certain pompous actors playing the part of Constantine. Now Thorwaldsen has fully this eminent excellence of Raffaelle; and it is one no small proof of his greatness. To illustrate all this, and more, I ought to be able to describe to you his two great groups, but I cannot do it. Both were done for a church in Copenhagen, by order of the king of Denmark; the one in marble, colossal statues of Christ and the Apostles; the other in bronze, John the Baptist and fifteen or seventeen figures listening. The figure of our Saviour is one of the very few attempts to represent that holy person at which you can look with pleasure. It is noble and sublime, sweet, simple, sad, in attitude and look. The Apostles are a glorious company of venerable men, so variously arranged, in attitude and drapery, that you detect no similarity, and yet with a severity of simplicity that cannot be surpassed. I think that out of all the Apostles, of all the masters of painting which I have seen, it would not be easy to select twelve which should be altogether superior. But the other group is my favourite; indeed, that I have spoken of is not a *group*, as each figure is to stand in a separate niche. John the Baptist is truly a group, to be placed in the pediment of the church. The only thing in antiquity to be compared to it is the celebrated and admired group of Niobe and her children. Now I do not admire that; it doubtless displays great skill, but it wants simplicity and nature. It is not a copy from nature, but from the stage,—a group of ballet-dancers; Niobe herself is careful to hold her garment gracefully in all her woe, and the children are thinking of displaying their postures, and holding up the folds of their drapery tastefully, instead of being absorbed by the terrors of the moment. Nothing like this in the group of John; all is easy, unembarrassed, unaffected, unconscious nature. The Baptist is a thin, haggard man, filled with his subject, and uttering himself vehemently; his hand raised powerfully, not gracefully, and his eye fixed, as if his mind was working with all its might. The people around him are just those whom you might suppose to be present at his preaching. They describe various classes and ages of hearers, and each may be said to be a model of its class. I cannot remember the order of the whole, but it was something like this: On his left hand stands a huntsman, leaning on his pole, with his dog at his side, which takes up the attention of two little boys just behind him, one of whom is pointing to him, and the other, a little older, seems divided in attention between the dog and the preacher. Then stands a fine, noble soldier in his armour; then a figure whose description I forget; it was standing apart in another room, and I never saw it but once; then a mother sitting with eye intent on the speaker, with her arm embracing a little child, who is leaning his head sweetly on her lap; then a young man, reclining at his length, and looking over his shoulder at the preacher. On his right hand you see, first, a young man with his arms folded; then an elderly man with a young man behind, leaning on his shoulder; then a mother, kneeling, and a child, of eight or ten, looking over her shoulder; then an aged man, sitting, his knees rather raised, and both his hands resting on his cane, and his head on his hands. Here, you see, is almost every age, each in its characteristic attitude, and each with its peculiar expression of attention. Perhaps the finest things are, the old man, on the one side, and the mother, with the child's head in her lap, on the other, though one hardly ventures to say. I am sorry that I did not study it with a view to describe it to you, as I could then have been particular. I was sorry to find that it is impossible to procure casts of it, or of any of its figures. It was only the day before leaving Rome that I discovered it had been engraved, and I made two vain attempts to procure it. I hope still to procure the engraving. If I had not said so much, I could tell you of some of his single figures, but enough for the present.

"Mr. Ware returned to this country in August 1830, apparently little better than when he left it, and naturally depressed in spirits at the prospect of continuing to be an invalid, and, what he dreaded more, a useless man. Immediately on his arrival, however, a favourable turn took place in his health, and he recovered so far as to assume the duties of his new station in the university. He had been chosen Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and

the Pastoral Care at Cambridge—in fact, this professorship was founded for him—and the members of his old parish, who had continued to hope, almost against hope, that he might again appear in their pulpit, reluctantly consented to his final separation from them. Except in the grief of this parting, his new situation accorded entirely with his wishes; he was now to instruct others in those duties which for fifteen years he had so admirably performed himself.

"Soon after his establishment at Cambridge, he published what proved to be the most popular and useful of all his works, his little book on the Formation of the Christian Character, addressed to those who are seeking a Religious Life. Through that severe illness and weary convalescence, during his long journeys and protracted residence abroad, he had not forgotten the grand object of his life, the fulfilment of his duties as a Christian teacher among men. 'The book was written at distant and uncertain intervals, upon journeys and in public-houses,' it was begun at an inn in Princeton, Massachusetts—a little was composed at Florence, at Rome, at Naples, and the conclusion was added at Cambridge. Chaste and unassuming in style, avoiding all declamation or flights of eloquence, yet shewing that peculiar earnestness of feeling and purpose which was so characteristic of the man, manifesting alike the most practical good sense and the most heartfelt piety, steering clear of all controverted topics, giving that advice only which was applicable to all Christians, and meeting wants which long and close observation had shown to be common to all, it was not surprising that the book rose at once into great popularity with all classes and denominations. It was reprinted and circulated extensively in Great Britain, and at least fifteen thousand copies of it have been sold in this country. The writer entreats that it may be read as it was written, 'not for entertainment, but for moral edification'; his object was, 'to aid in the formation of Christian character, and about every other result he was indifferent.' He was rewarded for his effort in the manner most accordant with his hopes, by being permitted to witness the good effected by its publication.

"During the twelve years of his residence at Cambridge, Mr. Ware's occasional publications, consisting of reviews, memoirs, sermons, and works for which he performed the duty only of an editor, were quite numerous, but we cannot stop to enumerate them. The most considerable work that we have not yet noticed was a 'Life of the Saviour,' a small volume of two or three hundred pages, published as the first of a series which was called 'The Sunday Library.' It has all the characteristics of his other writings, was received with much favour, and has passed through several editions both in England and this country. The series to which it belonged was continued for three numbers more, and then stopped, not from the want of patronage on the part of the public, but from the difficulty of finding contributors. He edited also another series of works, more popular in their character, entitled 'Scenes and Characters illustrating Christian Truth,' which was continued with good success for six numbers, and then stopped from the same cause.

"Our limits will not permit us to dwell on the history of this latter portion of Mr. Ware's life, which was richly productive of good not only to the institution with which he was connected, and to the religious denomination to which he belonged, but to the community at large, among whom the purity and excellence of his character, and the practical wisdom of his philanthropic efforts, were now generally recognised. Few persons have enjoyed so wide an influence, and none have directed their powers to the attainment of nobler and purer ends. His health was interrupted by several attacks of severe illness, and at one time by a se-

rious affection of the eyes; but for some long intervals it was quite good,—much better, in fact, than could have been anticipated after the apparently entire prostration of his physical powers at the period when he quitted the work of the ministry in Boston. On the members of the Divinity School and on the undergraduates in the college, in whose instruction for several years he took an active part, the effect of his teachings and his example was eminently happy; and the memory of the intercourse they then had with him will long survive among their most precious recollections. The nature of his literary efforts is so well illustrated by an anecdote told in this volume, that we cannot forbear repeating it. His wife once said to him, when he had been giving a good deal of time to the revision of sermons, and articles for periodicals, newspapers, &c. that she wished, 'instead of frittering away his time and thoughts in this way, upon ephemeral productions, he would concentrate the same amount upon some single work, which would be of substantial value.' He looked up with a smile and replied, 'Now that is your ambition for me; for my part, I am glad to do the little good I can in any way that presents itself; no matter if all is forgotten to-morrow, provided a seed is sown to-day; it will germinate some time or other.'

"Mr. Ware's pulmonary complaints had entirely disappeared; but in 1842, a new disease, which ultimately proved fatal, first manifested itself, and he was compelled to resign his professorship, and retire into the country. The kindness of his friends made this transition easy for him, and it was hoped, that, after a year of retirement and the entire cessation of labour and anxiety, his health might be so far re-established as to enable him either to take charge of a small country parish, or to edit a religious periodical. Amid the fluctuations of disease, for a period of six or eight months, this hope was still cherished; but in the spring of the following year, another and more serious attack apprized him and his friends that the end was at hand. With perfect resignation and composure he prepared himself for the great change which his religious convictions and the fluctuating state of his health had kept near in view for a large portion of his life. For a time, the strings of his fine intellect were jarred, and gave forth only confused and uncertain sounds. But it could hardly be said that his mind wandered; for when his thoughts were but little under his own control, invincible habit still turned them to the great purpose around which they had long been centred.

"On one occasion, he seemed to fancy himself to be about to administer the communion. He called all his family about him, and spoke to them in words like those with which he was accustomed to address his own flock on such an occasion; and to those around, he seemed as earnest, as collected, as devout, as when, in the days of health, he had actually stood at the altar of his church. Warm and elevated expressions of gratitude to the Saviour, intermingled with affectionate addresses and counsels to his family, fell from his lips. His thoughts turned to the closing hours and acts of the Master whom he loved; and speaking of the design of Jesus in instituting the Last Supper, as if inspired by the very spirit of his own boundless benevolence, he stretched out his feeble arms, saying, 'He intended it for all; he would gather all to his embrace.'"

"Periods of imperfect consciousness alternated with those in which he took considerable notice of what was passing, and the cloud was mercifully kept from darkening entirely over his spirit. On the 21st of September, the last day of his life, he recognized the members of his family, and spoke kindly and rationally to them; but towards nightfall a severe attack suspended all consciousness, and early the next morning, without convulsion or struggle, 'he passed on.'

"His remains were followed to Mount Auburn, and deposited in the sepulchre which had been presented to him by his

friend Professor Farrar, of which he was the first tenant. Here, just at the edge of evening, in the midst of a gentle shower, whilst the falling of a few of the leaves of the early autumn were in solemn keeping with the melancholy ceremony, was left his weary and wasted form. He had grown old and died before his prime, worn down by those exertions, both of body and mind, which had been directed for thirty years to a single great object,—an object to which he had devoted his whole spirit with a constancy which knew no repose, till he was thus laid, like his Master, in this new tomb, where man was never laid before. But of the grief, the sense of loss, which must always attend such a separation, there could in no case be more sufficient and satisfactory consolations. His life had been a pure, an active, a useful and a happy one. There was as little in it for his friends to look back upon with regret, as is compatible with the necessary imperfections of the human character and condition; whilst there was much, very much, that could be contemplated only with—we will not say pride—but with a sentiment of a higher and nobler sort. All the success which he wished, or was capable of enjoying, he had attained. He had striven constantly, and not in vain, in the only paths in which he desired to walk. He had enjoyed and he had suffered much. He had received multiplied favours from his fellow-men and choicest blessings from Heaven. Gratitude to God and man was among the most cherished of his feelings. He had been tried by repeated afflictions, and by wasting, protracted, and painful disease. But he had submitted in patience, and without repining. They had not dimmed the brightness of his hope, nor ever made him waver in his faith. He had always lived in the near expectation of death, and, when at last it came, he met it with unfaltering trust."

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[It is intended in this division of *THE CRITIC* to collect communications of facts observed in Natural History, for which at present there exists no medium. Correspondence is requested.]

MR. JONES, carver and gilder, of Bath, has in his possession a canary-bird gifted with the power of articulating clearly several words. Mr. Jones had the honour of presenting the bird to the Queen at Windsor Castle, a few days ago, when her Majesty expressed herself much pleased with the feathered curiosity.—*Bath Chronicle*.

Some time ago, a frugal matron, who resides in a neighbouring village, washed a portion of lace, some ribands, and a cap, and afterwards laid them upon a grass plot near the house for the purpose of drying them. Shortly after the finery had been laid down, the whole of the articles—lace, riband, and cap—were missing: no tidings could be obtained of them, until one day last week, when a thrush's nest was discovered in an adjacent brake; in which the whole of the lost articles were found, converted into building-materials, along with a quantity of moss and cow's dung.—*Whitehaven Paper*.

A throstle's nest, containing four eggs, was discovered the other day at Bolton in Westmoreland, in a strange place—the branches of the flour-stem of a turnip.

AN IMMENSE SERPENT.—Yesterday's *Bharkur* gives the following regarding an enormous serpent captured at Seepore, across the water:—"A serpent was lying within a jungle, near the house of Baboo Ramruttun Holdar, when a jackal, believing it dead, made an attack on the body of the monster, whereupon the latter turned round upon the jackal, and in a short while devoured half of its body. This was accidentally witnessed by a man who happened to be on a tree hard by, and who on that raised a cry and collected a number of villagers, by whom the serpent was captured. The monster measured fourteen cubits in length, and two in circumference."—*Delhi Gazette*.

INTERESTING TO ZOOLOGISTS.—The female giraffe, in the possession of the Zoological Society, Regent's Park, has just presented her owners with a remarkable fine young male, being the fourth born in these gardens, and all of the same sex; both the parent and offspring are doing well. We congratulate the Society on this desirable addition to their unrivalled collection.

BLACK RAIN.—A most extraordinary storm of black rain fell in the northern part of Worcestershire on Wednesday last, and excited the greatest alarm. For two hours, from 11 a.m.

to 1 p.m. this extraordinary shower lasted, and the pools, water-courses, and even the Severn itself, were completely turned black. The storm extended over Abberley, Dunley, Stourport, and Bewdley, to the great alarm of the inhabitants of those places, the air being during that time completely black. Our informant (says the *Worcestershire Guardian*), who describes this singular phenomenon, states that the rain had a smell as of soot and paint mixed, and that any article dipped into it was blackened. We give this information as we have received it; it is possible that the rain was charged with the sooty impurities of the Dudley coal field, which surrounds the district where the rain fell.

DIMINUTIVE DOG.—We have seen, within the last few days, a curious specimen of the canine species; a spaniel, four months old, weighing only 19 ounces, and not more than four inches in height. The colour is dark brown and white. The dog is the property of Mrs. Birch, of the St. Mary's-gate, in this town.—*Derby Mercury*.

DANGEROUS ADVENTURE WITH A WOLF.—Last week a woman living in the parish of Redmarley, in the county of Worcester, on going into an outhouse, adjoining her cottage, observed what she supposed to be a large dog lying in one corner of the building; and thinking it to belong to some drover, took no further notice of it. Shortly afterwards she had occasion to leave the house, and the monster—which was in reality a wolf—taking advantage of her absence, went in and quietly laid itself under a table. The children, three or four in number, likewise thought it was a dog; but the youngest, about two months old, which was lying on a low bedstead in a corner of the room, looking up and beginning to cry, the savage animal rushed towards it, when a cat belonging to the family courageously attacked the intruder. Poor puss was quickly torn from limb to limb; and the wolf, carrying her remains to the outside of the house, proceeded to devour them; when the eldest child, a cripple, about eight or nine years of age, had the presence of mind to shut the door. Having eaten the whole of the cat except the hind legs, the brute strove to re-enter the house. While this was going on, two men, on their way to Ledbury fair, wishing to leave their smock frocks at the cottage, went towards the door, but finding themselves opposed by the wolf, they procured a pike and a pitchfork, and killed it. It was in a very poor condition; and it is reported to have been seen in the neighbouring woods for some time past, having doubtless escaped from some travelling menagerie.

—*Gloucester Journal*.

JOURNAL OF SOCIAL ECONOMY AND EDUCATION.

At the ordinary meeting of the Statistical Society, held on Monday evening, Mr. Fletcher made a communication on "the Criminal Courts of the Metropolis and their Operation," which excited great interest among the numerous members and visitors present. The author's object in preparing this paper for the society, was to render it not only an illustration of, but an appendix to, the valuable criminal tables which have been published by Mr. Russell, the government inspector of prisons. And he was moreover led to do so for the reason that he conceived that the statistics of crime were necessarily incomplete, unless the number of apprehensions were taken as well into account as the mere number of commitments. The knowledge of the constitution and powers of the police magistrates was not only interesting to every member of society, but it was of particular importance to the criminal himself, since the magistrate's court might be looked upon as the first step in his punishment, as well as to the classes to which criminals for the most part belong, inasmuch as they received their impressions in a great measure, as to the result of crime, from these primary tribunals. It therefore behoved the legislature in every possible way to increase their powers and add to their moral influence. Mr. Fletcher then described the police courts to which the administration of justice in the metropolis was intrusted. Of the primary tribunals, that is to say, the police courts, there were two in the city, and twelve in what is called the metropolitan district, which includes Greenwich, Woolwich, Hammersmith, and Wandsworth. The cost of the city courts amounts annually to a trifle more than 6,514*l.*; those of the metropolitan district to 45,500*l.* in

addition to a sum of 4,000*l.* for the latter allowed for a super-annuation fund. But the fees and fines received, amounting last year to 9,800*l.* are deducted from this cost of maintenance, the remainder of which is taken from the consolidated fund. In the last year the number of apprehensions within the metropolitan districts (excluding the city, for no return is made from its two courts), amounted to 59,123, and it is gratifying to observe the great decrease over preceding years. In 1840, the number was nearly 71,000; in 1841, nearly 69,000; in 1842, 66,000; in 1843, 62,500; in 1844, the same. A steady decrease in the amount of crime is here observable; and it must also be remembered, that though the number of apprehensions decreased, the number of proportional convictions have increased with an equal steadiness; consequently the decrease cannot be attributed to the inefficiency of our police. The summary convictions at all these courts, during the past year, were 48,742, of whom 15,876 were fined; 1,311 were committed for seven days; 2,916 for fourteen days; 5,045 for one month; 9,142 for two months; 859 for three months; 12 for four months; and 22 for six months. With reference to the next fact, that of education (though this, by the way, is a strangely misused term, since it is merely intended to convey the meaning that the individuals could read and write), it was found that out of the numbers apprehended, 3,637 males and 2,086 females could neither read nor write; 12,013 males and 4,085 females could only read and write imperfectly; 1,277 males and 2,022 females could read and write perfectly, and only 257 males and 11 females had received a superior education. Mr. Fletcher then described the constitution of the next tribunal, the Central Criminal Court. This court, which was established in 1834, has now almost entirely absorbed the business of the Quarter Sessions, formerly held in Westminster. Out of 4,431 prisoners committed for trial during the past year, 3,836 were tried at the Old Bailey, the remainder having been sent to the Westminster and Middlesex Sessions. Out of the number of bills presented to the grand jury, 381 were thrown out; 5 males and 1 female were sentenced to death, the remainder to various periods of transportation and imprisonment; the latter punishment, however, being awarded to the far greater number of cases. The influence of age on crime is exceedingly remarkable; the greatest number of crimes are committed by individuals between the ages of 20 and 25; this may be considered the maximum point; proceeding upwards towards the age of 60, the decrease is most remarkable, being at the rate of 50 per cent. for every decennial period; and, still more curiously, this decrease never varies. The nature of the crimes for which these committals, trials, and convictions, took place, leads to a consideration of much importance, which was explained at considerable length by Mr. Fletcher. By far the greater number were for petty larcenies, the property stolen being of trifling value. Considering this, considering, moreover, that the committal for trial renders a fresh attendance of witnesses necessary, and gives to the offender increased chances of escape, which are not without their weight on his mind; and further remembering the expense devolving on the country in the prosecution of individuals, an expense frequently ten times the value of the stolen property; many jurists have at various times proposed the adoption of a principle which it is more than probable would be effective, and which from the reduction of the chances of escape might tend materially to diminish the number of offences. This plan is to introduce into the magistrates' court a modification of the jury system; to give to the magistrate the power, upon the verdict of his jury, of at once sentencing juvenile delinquents, and in fact all individuals convicted of petty larcenies where the property is but of small amount. Many other advantages would be derived from this system. The great expense of the committal and trial before the superior tribunal would be avoided; the costly and almost useless establishments, the quarter sessions, might be done away with, and a more speedy and certain punishment be ensured. It is calculated that the magistrates might, under such circumstances, be safely entrusted to dispose of at least half the cases now committed for trial. A lengthened discussion followed the reading of this paper, in the course of which the attention of the society was drawn by one of the speakers to a statement made by M. Leon Faucher, in a work recently published, which has produced a great sensation on the con-

tinent, to the effect that, allowance being made for the difference of population, the amount of crime in London was far greater than that in Paris. Thus the crimes against the person in London and Paris were as three to two; against property, as three to one. This opinion is doubtless founded on false data, and he called upon the society to examine it, and, if erroneous, at once to point out the inaccuracy. The discussion was prolonged till a late period, and the society was adjourned till the 18th of May.—*Daily News.*

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING BACHELOR,

ON

CITIES, LITERATURE, AND ART.

LETTER IV.

BRUNSWICK TO MAGDEBURG.

We left Brunswick at two o'clock. The promenades that surround the city were crowded with all classes of citizens, as gay in their attire, although possibly not quite so grand in their deportment, as those which stream out of our foggy metropolis upon an occasional fine Sabbath. We saw every variety of costume, every style of beard, every kind of pipe; and, to do the fair sex justice, much eligible evidence of Brunswick beauty. Our road was still in sight of the Hartz, surrounded with fields in much better cultivation than those we had hitherto seen, whilst the country generally reminded me of parts of Sussex. In a short time we arrived at Köthen, where we had to alight and await the arrival of the train from Leipzig, which was due at Magdeburg at four. Very grateful were we, for the first time, to that wise and provident sagacity which had confined our wardrobes to a carpet-bag and knapsack. Hence we were soon settled, having only to discover the carriage in which our property was deposited upon the arrival of the on-coming train. Still more grateful were we upon hearing the complaint "that Aunt Mary's box was missing, that Jane was not sure where the porters had carried hers to, &c. &c. &c." which were emitted from a small circle of English uncomfortables, rather pretty, but very pettish upon their luggage disarrangement by this change in the locomotive. We had half an hour or more to wait, and therefore sauntered to the refreshment room of the station, where you may game, smoke, or indulge your animal and political man by the very excellent bill of fare and journals here provided. I remember nothing further, excepting that from hence the rail was lined with a straggling avenue of sunflowers until we arrived at Magdeburg at the Fürstenwall, close by the Elbe bridge. The Herzog Stephen, opposite to the station, a large, new, and well furnished inn, received us; and, after ordering dinner, and refitting slightly, we proceeded to make a first general survey of the town. This city is the capital of Prussian Saxony, contains with the garrison about 51,347 inhabitants, and is now one of the strongest fortresses existing. This is its misfortune; for, as during war the enemy are naturally anxious to possess it, the inhabitants dwell here upon the tenure of being shelled out upon the shortest notice. The citadel has an historical reputation, from being the prison of FREDERICK BARON TRENCK, and subsequently of LAFAYETTE. The memoirs of the former are a proof that

Truth is strange, stranger than fiction;

for his life, as well as that of his cousin, the Pandour, was a marvellous romance. He had every great quality, but discretion. The want of this cost him the favour of FREDERICK the Great, and estranged from him that of the Empress MARIA LOUISA, and her successor, JOSEPH II. His attachment to the Princess AMELIA of Prussia occasioned his confinement in this citadel, where for nearly ten years he endured the obdurate cruelty of his jailors. The place in which he was confined was eight feet broad by ten feet long; light was scarcely perceptible, the air was loaded with vapour, the walls humid with damp; he was fettered with iron weighing sixty-eight

pounds, and before the bench, which was his resting-place both day and night, was his tomb, upon which he saw already inscribed his name and rank, with a place left blank to be filled up with the date of his decease. Yet he endured all—lightened and survived every affliction—outlived his tyrant persecutor, and met again the princess whose affection for him had been the cause of all this suffering and wrong. They met, but after forty-two years of exile—years whose afflictions had wrought no less heavily on her than on him. Alas! says a contemporary writer, who can describe that interview? In this grey-headed man, whose body was bowed down by the weight of the fetters which for ten years he had borne—whose features were now hardly to be recognised, so changed were they by suffering—could she recall the youth whose manly beauty and attainments had made him the once proud favourite of the Prussian Court? The Princess AMELIA—the young, the beautiful, and graceful—had become, too, prematurely old; her features were haggard, her head seemed palsied, her complexion sallow, her body fleshless and scarcely capable of motion, her hands nerveless and deformed, so much had sorrow, silent, but unsubdued, gradually enervated and destroyed every energy—almost every trace of life. Could she recall, as she advanced to meet him, her who, in 1743, had been sought by the King of Sweden for his bride; and who to TRENCK had ever existed throughout this long interval of mutual affliction as still unchanged, intellectual, energetic, beautiful! But sorrow slays more than time—

And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

A few days after this interview she died; as if, hitherto sustained by the hope of seeing him again, life had been contentedly resigned on its fulfilment. His destiny led him to France, where he fell by the guillotine on the 25th July, 1794, on the same day with the poets ROUCHER and ANDRE CHENIER. But the citadel and TRENCK's casemate have detained me too long. The great street which intersects the city is called the Breitweg,—American Broadway. In this are the principal houses, consisting chiefly of large shops, indicating by their stores much manufacturing industry and commerce. The houses here are lofty, and generally much ornamented, though apparently less ancient than those in other quarters. Next to this street, I think the Alte Market the most worth notice. It is tolerably spacious, and the houses are probably some of the few which have withstood the sieges Magdeburg is heir to. There is here also a curious equestrian statue of ÖTHO, with his two Queens, of great antiquity; in which consists its value, and undoubtedly the Emperor answers to the description of that apocryphal person "the oldest inhabitant," when I tell you it was erected subsequent to his death, A.D. 973. Near this Uncle WILLIAM had heard there was a quarry of old books. Accordingly, after much inquiry, ringing and knocking, coaxing the handle of the door, and almost trying an ingress through the window, we succeeded in effecting our entrance into one of the darkest shops I ever rummaged, kept by the dirtiest man I ever saw. We did all we could, and departed, and if you are still a collector, go to Magdeburg; I doubt not you will there find treasure trove yet unpossessed. But it is not what we see, so much as association with the past, which lends the chief interest to Magdeburg. We belong more to the world than we believe. We cannot separate ourselves from the fortunes of our fellow-men when once the mind has possessed itself with the accidents and fortunes of their career. Who has read HOMER has not felt with the Greeks at Troy? Who has traversed a battle-plain, stood upon a spot where great men have fallen, and not become mastered by the spirit of the scene it once presented? Do we not commune with its story, until insensibly we realize the Actual from the Ideal, and feel how little Time obliterates what the Intellect has once possessed? It is this power of linking the PRESENT with the PAST which tends so largely to stimulate human action, to give permanence to institutions, and perpetuate progress. We stand between the Dead and the Future; we emulate the fame won, by the fame we desire to win. The spot whereon a great man has stood is sacred. The place wherein historic deeds have occurred has an abiding interest in the mind for ever. Thus, in threading here the

narrow streets, I recalled the fearful scene which has made them, and the cathedral especially, a not ungrateful theme to many travellers abroad or sojourners at home, and for this cause am I tempted to send you a slight sketch of the circumstances which rendered it one of the most lamentable events of the fifteenth century, premising that I have based it on the eloquent narrative of SCHILLER. The obstinate defence of this city, and the near approach of GUSTAVUS, had induced TILLY to give up all hopes of taking the fortress, but, before he raised the siege, he resolved, as a last chance, to attempt its reduction by storm. The difficulty was great, no breach had yet been made, and the fortifications were extensive and strong. The council of war, however, resolved on the attempt. This attack was to commence simultaneously by four divisions of the army, and the night of the 9th May, 1631, was spent in the requisite preparations. The troops awaited the appointed signal at five o'clock, but TILLY, still hesitating and uncertain, re-assembled the council of war. It met, and confirmed its former decision, and immediately the attack was commenced by PAPPENHEIM against the Neustadt Gate. Under ordinary circumstances there could have been no doubt of the result, but many now combined for its success. The garrison was brave but insufficient, the military supplies were exhausted, and the unusual calm in TILLY's camp for two days, had induced the soldiers and the townsmen to quit their posts, or to commit them to the charge of others similarly overcome by toil and hunger. The commandant, FALKENBERG, alarmed at the sudden shout of the assailants, who had already mastered the gate, immediately hastened with a few half-armed men to drive them back, in vain; his soldiers were trampled down and himself slain. The repeated discharges of musketry, the alarm bells ringing on all sides, the loud cries of the assailants, and the clamour of the frightened inhabitants, had now aroused the entire garrison, who, snatching their arms, rushed back to the rampart, hoping yet to clear the enemy from the walls. But their leader being slain, with no combined plan, and almost destitute of ammunition, their courage was vain, and they fell singly or in small parties as each approached. Nevertheless the enemy was not on all sides successful; a brave leader, named SCHMIDT, thrice led his troops against them, but fell dead as the last in this quarter of the city was driven before him to the ditch. With him fell Magdeburg's last hope. Brave men yet fought, but with the reckless energy of passionate despair. Two gates were by this time mastered, and the infantry immediately pressed into the city. Their fire cleared the streets, or forced the inhabitants to await their destiny within their houses. This was not long uncertain, the soldiers were let loose, like beasts of prey, to gratify every depraved appetite, and satisfy every passion upon those whose bravery should have won respect, or whose helplessness now claimed protection. No pen can trace the horrors of that night. Neither the winning innocence of infancy, nor age which controls all feeling to kindly offices of respect, nor youth, nor sex, condition, rank, great qualities, or beauty availed. A frightful carnage succeeded the gratifications of the most unbridled lust. No retreat was safe, no place sacred from their pursuers. The headless bodies of fifty-three women were found in one church alone. PAPPENHEIM's troops threw children with fiendish laughter into the fires they had kindled, or speared them as their mothers sought to shelter them at the breast. Even the officers of this army at length felt remorse, and sought from TILLY the order for the restraint of his inhuman cohorts. "Prefer your request an hour hence," was the reply, "I will then see what I can do; the soldier must enjoy the reward of his toil and danger." But an affliction, merciful in comparison with this man's will, sheltered what he would not spare. The city had been fired; a violent wind suddenly arose, and, wherever the houses caught, bore the roaring flames with rushing swiftness onward. The heat compelled the troops to retire, and satiety and weariness alike conspired to induce their recall to the camp. Twelve hours had sufficed to lay this wealthy city in the dust. The number slain of the inhabitants alone amounted to 30,000. TILLY re-entered it on the fourteenth, and spared what yet remained. The cathedral had escaped, and 1,000 men who had been sheltered within its precincts, were allowed to return—if it might be—to their homes. To how few was this to shew

mercy! for since the siege of Troy or Jerusalem, no misery had equalled that which they then beheld. The day of retribution succeeded. The Catholic party, indeed, rejoiced, but the accusing voice of conscience smote the heart of the conqueror, palsied the energy of his will, and clogged its purposes to his death. The former career of TILLY had been one of invariable success. The victories of Aschaffenburg, Ems, Minden, and of Lüttich, where CHRISTIAN the Fourth was defeated, had raised him to the rank of the first commander of his day. On the 27th of Sept. following the siege of this city, he met GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS in the field of Leipzig, and was completely overthrown. His glory had departed, he himself, in his moments of remorse, admitted Magdeburg now overshadowed his career. He retired from Nuremberg without an effort, and soon after, again defeated, he retreated, wounded, from Rain-on-the-Lech, and expired at Ingolstadt on the 30th April, 1632. Magdeburg was still on his lips, as he breathed the last faint sigh of expiation, and strove to calm his conscience by casting the guilt of his own remorseless orders upon PAPPENHEIM. The last place of note we visited was the Cathedral, which is one of the finest Gothic edifices of North Germany. It was erected between 1211 and 1363, and is built of freestone. I found here a very intelligent cicerone, in the person of a pretty little woman, living, like Quasimodo, in one of the towers, wherein she has also reared a fine family, destined, probably, for vergers and other clerical situations. The best monument is that of Archbishop ERNEST, the work of PETER VISCHER, of whom I will more fully speak when I have seen Nuremberg. We spent a long time in its examination; the figures of the twelve apostles, which surround it, alone deserve the most minute attention. Near this also is a large chest, which must date from 1517, if the tradition be true. It is the one in which TETZEL received the money paid for the indulgences he sold. "La main," says D'AUBIGNE, "qui avait donné l'indulgence ne pouvait pas recevoir l'argent, cela était défendu sous les peines les plus sévères; on avait de bonnes raisons pour craindre que cette main ne fût pas fidèle. Le pénitent devait déposer lui-même le prix de son pardon dans la caisse." Thus the tradition has historical evidence for its support. Near this are TILLY's helmet and gloves; and I know not from which relic I most recoiled—this, of an impious superstition; or that, of the remorseless chief. It is astonishing how much such things bring you in relation with the past, how insensibly they impress you as historic truths, and with what mingled feelings of reverence and dislike they are regarded. We reverence them as mute records of events, yet regard them with pain and sorrow, from the opinions with which those events must ever be associated, and which the sight of these contemporaneous trophies as naturally awaken. It gratifies me to add, the cathedral is in excellent order, the Prussian government having spent large sums in its restoration. From this we returned to the inn, where we enjoyed the culinary comforts of a good bill of fare. Wherever we passed, and wherever we explored the city, we found it invariably presented the same bustling appearance; troops were traversing it in all directions, and had I not felt that "Foreign Powers continue to assure us of their peaceful disposition," I should have dined with much less comfort than I did. We start to-morrow for Berlin.

ART.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

SUCCESSFUL as this, "the Old Society" of Painters in Water Colours has of late years been, it has rarely, if ever, appeared in greater force than in this season's exhibition. If it has not advanced, it has unquestionably maintained its ground. Less ambitious than its offset and rival, "the New Society," which more affects historical and imaginative subjects; if we have few works of such pretensions, there are, at least, fewer failures, while the average merit of "the Old" stands confessedly before that of "the New Society."

In no department of the Fine Arts has the improvement in pigments, vehicle, and mode of handling, been so

marked and triumphant as in water-colour painting. Does any one question this, let him compare the laborious drawings of GLOVER, and the early masters of this art, where the lights are never *rubbed out*, but preserved, where no body colour was used, but, on the contrary, the sponge continually resorted to,—let him, we repeat, contrast these feeble and woolly works with the forcible and spirited drawings of the present day, with their luminous washes, their rice-water, starch, honey, and other vehicles, their loads of *soft colour*, and imitation by pigments of textures, and he must promptly accord his testimony to the advance which has been made. Such was the fugitive nature of his productions, that formerly the water-colour painter could not hope for a fame which should twenty years survive him; far more solid and substantive now, he emulates the painter in oils, to whose works in duration only does he give way.

The President of the Society, MR. COPELY FIELDING, has this year been unusually industrious; he exhibits a large number of works, upon the success of which we cannot congratulate him. His subjects are always happily selected, but in colour and treatment he is sadly *going off*: the former being generally variegated and foxy, and the latter objectionable on the ground of indistinctness, and of weakness in the foregrounds. His views of Bolton and Rievaulx Abbeys bear out these objections; but he has one sweet drawing, *South View of the island of Staffa*, that goes far to make amends for the faults we have ventured to point out. MR. STEPHANOFF exhibits three subjects, which shew no failing off in the qualities which have honourably distinguished his works. Of DE WINT and COX—the ablest of the landscape painters—it would not be easy to speak too highly: they have perhaps never appeared to more advantage than this year. That both have produced more striking and ambitious works we admit; that they have at any time produced better we greatly doubt. DAVID COX's *Vale of Dolyddelan* and *Outskirts of a Forest*, for truth and force of colour, skilful management of effects, and thorough rustic feeling, are beyond praise. MR. CATTERMOLE, in his large work, *The unwelcomed Return*, has been less successful, we think, than he usually is. The story is not intelligibly told, as we shall have occasion to remark presently, and the whole is too broken and spotty. He sends three other works; the best of which, *The Conspirators*, is in his happiest vein, and will be greatly admired. MR. BENTLEY maintains his ground. His sea-views are this year excellent, and we notice improvement in the skies, to which the artist had hitherto devoted too little labour. MR. HUNT contributes several transcripts from familiar and still-life, which will receive attention in the proper place; and MR. GEORGE FRIPP some cool and carefully-painted landscapes that, from their veritable colouring, arrest the attention and elicit praise. MR. ALFRED FRIPP sends one very striking and meritorious work, *Irish Reapers' Return from England*, which must considerably enhance his fame; he has several others inferior only to this. MR. PROUT, too, is as successful as he has ever been; his large works, the *Hotels de Ville, Louvain, and D'Audendarde, Flanders*, are the perfection of architectural painting. FREDERICK TAYLER has certainly improved, excellent as he was before. His *Poultry Yard* is one of the most life-like transcripts from nature that has ever been produced. It remains to give honourable mention to MR. J. D. HARDING, for his fine work, *The range of the High Alps, Como in the distance*; and especially to MR. JOSEPH NASH, for his elaborate, forcible, and highly-finished representation of *Lincoln's Inn* universally admired, as it deserves to be, which must considerably extend the fame of the artist.

Without further comment, we proceed to notice in detail the most prominent of the works exhibited.

No. 3. *Scene on the Coast of Dorsetshire, near lulworth.* GEORGE FRIPP.—This is a refreshing cleverly executed coast-scene. The sky is finely painted; it gives an effect of yellow light streaming from behind a bank of heavy clouds, and reflected broadly on the heaving waters. The breadth and pose of nature are in this work!

No. 9. *Hardwick Hall.* D. COX.—Marvellous strength and spirit distinguish this drawing. It gives a noon-day effect with gleams of sunlight. The white flocky clouds which drift under a deep blue sky, the motion of the trees and struggles of a few rooks on the wing to attain their destination, finely suggest the breeze that is blowing. There is the propriety which belongs to nature in every accessory introduced; the colouring is exact, and the light and shade most artfully disposed. How feeble and tame and false do the drawings above and below—*Brougham Hall*, by RICHARDSON, and *Dunster*, by COPELY FIELDING—appear when compared with this!

No. 14. *Plucking a Fowl.* W. HUNT.—A close transcript from homely life. The figure is that of a veritable country maid-servant, and the subordinates are just those which such a scene commonly offers. The colour is good, and textures are here conveyed with an accuracy seldom attained in water-colours.

No. 18. *Rievaulx Abbey, York.* COPELY FIELDING.—There is here abundance of atmosphere, but the hills do not recede and keep their distance through the haze, as in nature they ever do. This drawing is finished to wooliness, and the foreground is extremely weak.

No. 24. *Interior of the New Hall, Lincoln's-inn, on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to open the building. Painted by order of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-inn.* JOSEPH NASH.—This is a most elaborate and attractive work. Over the numerous and formidable difficulties which beset the treatment of such a subject MR. NASH has completely triumphed. The royal party are advancing down the centre of the picture, between tables loaded with gold and silver plate, fruits and refreshments; behind which, in rows, stand the members of the society, fully robed. The figure of her Majesty is too short, compared with her relative proportions to her Royal Consort. With this our objection ends. The accuracy of the drawing and perspective, the exactness of the details, the judicious arrangement of light and shade, the general truth of colour, and, throughout, the elaborate finish, command the applause of the spectator. We have rarely examined a "table scene" less open to objection, and we doubt not it will become popular on the issue of the lithograph of it, which we perceive announced.

No. 30. *On the Thames, near Marlow.* GEORGE FRIPP.—A faithful, unstudied, and highly pleasing landscape. The tranquil effect of a still summer's day is here accurately conveyed; the water is flat, liquid, and reflective, and the river banks recede finely to a picturesque distance.

No. 33. *Cathedral of Antwerp from the Rue du Port.* W. CALLOW. This artist fails in attempting to paint street views. How obscure and weak is this after one of PAUW'S drawings! The buildings and the very road-way want substance, the foreground is slovenly, and the effects are so ill-defined and injudicious, as to be absolutely worthless.

No. 34. *The Poultry-Yard.* FREDERICK TAYLER.—For spirit, colour, arrangement, and textures, this work is beyond praise. It is downright nature: we have never seen a picture by HONDEKOER that gave such unmixed pleasure as the examination of this masterly drawing. The pigeon that is alighting amidst the greedy bustle of turkeys, fowls, and ducks, has in his descent the buoyancy of reality; he will reach the ground lightly, we are sure, though in a hurry. This imposing drawing will be understood by every one, and greatly admired.

No. 37. *Canterbury.* P. DE. WINT.—The most obvious features of this drawing are picturesqueness of composition and strength of colouring. The city, with its noble cathedral, is in the middle ground relieved by sunny hills; the foreground is a wheatfield, through which vivid gleams of level sunlight are introduced with startling reality. The sky is, *perspectiva aera, subiecta tunc cuiusdam*—drawing.

No. 40. *A Pastoral.* J. CRISTALL.—Cleverness of composition and propriety of feeling are the chief recommendations

of this subject. Mr. CRISTALL is about the last surviving of the old school of water-colour painters; his works are therefore of value, were it only to serve as a gauge of difference between the old and new methods. The landscape portion of this drawing shews finely what this difference is.

No. 41. *Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire.* J. TURNER.—This represents the breaking of a winter's morn after a night of heavy snow. A man is foddering sheep; and two crows move about on the snow. On a low horizon is the village, with its church and homesteads. Out of these the artist has produced a most truthful work. The ruddy light is led finely through the picture, tinging successive bars of depending cloud, and diffusing its rich hues over the level surface of the snow. The artist has a fine eye for colour, and proper feeling for nature, as this work shews.

No. 49. *Gleaners.* FREDERICK TAYLER.—Worthy of GAINSBOROUGH; the simple, homely character of country children is exactly given in this group. The chubby boy asleep in the arms of his sister is absolute nature,—so complete is his repose, and the careless disposition of his body and limbs.

No. 52. *Money-changers.* J. STEPHANOFF.—This represents a scene in the temple of the Jews. The principal group shews the money-changers at their dealings, and embraces a young spendthrift who, receiving money from an aged usurer, seems gazing thoughtfully, and with misgivings of heart, at the gold pieces, which, in exchange for, perhaps, the last of his patrimony, he is about to receive. The expression, grouping, and, above all, the variety and harmony of colour here combined, remind one of the gorgeous works of PAUL VERONESE.

No. 61. *Landscape: Evening.*—This is one of that charming class of subjects which WILSON, and, later still, BARRET delighted to paint. Nor is this far, if at all, behind them. A genuine classic feeling breathes through this landscape. The wiry lines of the distant hills, and the horizontal ones of the middle ground, oppose picturesquely the perpendiculars of the ruined portico of the temple in the foreground. The mellow light of evening suffuses every thing with its poetic tone, and is cleverly reflected through the shadows. The repose of evening is assisted by the motionless figures which yet give the needful animation to the scene. This is, indeed, a most desirable work.

No. 66. *The Unwelcome Return.* G. CATTERMOLE.—This is Mr. CATTERMOLE's largest, not his best, work. The story is not intelligibly told. A knight on horseback and in complete armour is returning through a forest to his castle, a glimpse of which is faintly given between the trees. He pauses beside the severed stump of a huge tree, which we apprehend was the spot where the welcomed was expected. Behind the bole of a huge oak the head and shoulders of a figure appear, but whether of male or female, neither we nor any one near us could determine. Beyond this we are in ignorance of the subject. There are all the force and truth of colour and of character which mark the artist's works visible here; but having said this, we can say no more. The foliage wants massing, and is far too flat; and there is too much spottiness to be agreeable to our eye.

No. 73. *Sancho Panza's consolatory Advice to his Master.* H. RICHTER.—A vulgar, ill-drawn, spiritless thing, which has not a particle of the mock-heroic about it, easy as that quality to be obtained where desirable.

No. 76. *White-Horse Inn, Edinburgh.* S. RAYNER.—A subject picturesque through dilapidations, and very accurately reflected.

No. 90. *South View of the Island of Staffa.* COPELEY FIELDING.—This, we opine, is the gem of Mr. FIELDING's works in this exhibition. We invite attention to the sky, lit up as it is with the morning sun, and receding to limitless distance most wonderfully. The sea and boats, too, are cleverly painted.

No. 118. *The Range of the High Alps, from the road between Como and Lecco.* J. D. HARDING.—It is not often a work embracing so vast extent of prospect is attempted in water-colours. Mr. HARDING has rendered an undeniably without being overlaid with detail. The foreground embraces a road with a few trees, on the left a watered and narrow ravine, on whose banks, connected by a bridge, are some buildings which impart, by their situation, interest to the sub-

ject. In the extensive middle ground are villages, with smoke trailing here and there, and a height with castle rising on the left, while on the right lies Como, on the shores of its beautiful lake. Behind these extends a grand plateau of mountains, which in their turn are overhung by the snowy peaks of the High Alps. The general management of the effects, the aerial perspective, the characteristic handling, fidelity of colour, and delicate finish, which prevail throughout the picture, give to it an honourable prominence in the exhibition.

No. 128. *The Shrine.* S. RAYNER.—There is becoming feeling in this work. The oratory and monks are carefully and successfully painted, and the whole comes near to CATTERMOLE in merit.

No. 142. *Reminiscences of Cairo.* O. OAKLEY.—Accuracy of detail, splendour of colour, and picturesque arrangement are the recommendations of this subject. The faces, however, are neither African nor Asiatic, but evidently English.

No. 180. *Irish Reapers meeting their Friends, after Harvesting in England.*—One of the most attractive and masterly works exhibited. The rollicking humour, fun, and exuberant spirits of the Irish peasant are here reflected to the life. The dancing reaper in the foreground, with the louts who surround him; the lusty young man, who holds over the shoulder of his sweetheart the purse containing the earnings of the harvest while he strives to kiss her; the quiet group who sit looking on; the turf-covered cabins, with smoke streaming out equally from doors, windows, and roof, are as characteristic of "the finest pisantry on 'arth" as they can be. There is a fullness of light, with the most careful finish and truth of colour, everywhere visible throughout this most successful production.

No. 196. *Hotel de Ville, Louvain;* and No. 204. *Hotel de Ville, Audendarde, Flanders.* S. PROUT.—We have rarely, if ever, seen more masterly, complete works by this the prince of architectural painters. The noble buildings here represented receive, at the hands of the artist, every assistance that the most profound knowledge of effect can give. The perspective everywhere is faultless, the tracery exact, the lights clear, the shadows transparent, and the figures introduced have propriety for the scene, while the whole is most delicately finished.

No. 225. *Scene from the Burn of Bradwardine.* FREDK. TAYLER.—Here is a covetable gem. The sentiment is perfect; character is finely marked, and great asthetic ability is evinced in the grouping of the figures, disposition of the landscape, and the brilliant colouring which invests the whole.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.—The anniversary meeting of the members of this institution took place on Tuesday in Drury-lane Theatre. Lord Montagle presided. Mr. Godwin, the secretary, proceeded to read the report, which set forth the continued success of the society; every annual statement since the establishment of it, in 1837, shewed an increase in the subscriptions, and on that, the 10th anniversary, the amount of subscriptions was 16,500*l.* Amongst the places abroad in which the society was represented were New York, Mexico, Hobart Town, Bombay, Montevideo, New Brunswick, many cities in Germany, Canton, &c. The committee had offered 500*l.* for a group, or a single figure, in marble. The report went on to state many details of what had been done since the last meeting, and concluded by affirming that great advantage had arisen to the fine arts from the efforts of the society, and the way in which they had been carried out. Before this document was concluded, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived in the theatre. Lord Montagle then vacated the chair, and the Duke took the place originally designed for him. Lord Montagle, in a speech of some length, went into a history of the establishment of the society, and explained the benefits it was likely to confer on the arts of this country, and the moral and intellectual influence it would have on the various classes of the community. His Royal Highness rose and apologized to the meeting for proceedings. The drawing was then proceeded with, and the following are the principal prizes drawn, as far as we could ascertain:—E. P. Zuel, Great Yarmouth, 50*l.*; H. J. Steadhall, Croydon, 50*l.*; T. L. Robertson, Fredericktown, 100*l.*; Dr. Bloomfield,

4, Davy-place, Poplar, 50*l.*; James Price, Bank of England, 50*l.*; R. Rice, Lymington, 50*l.*; Captain Logan, Junior United Service, 80*l.*; J. B. Cooper, Liverpool, 70*l.*; H. Green, Fakenham, 50*l.*; W. J. Broderipp, Raymond-buildings, 60*l.*; J. Hall, Bloomfield, Staffordshire, 50*l.*; S. Vale, Coventry, 150*l.*; C. Baker, Stockworth, 70*l.*; H. E. Jordan, Reading, 70*l.*; D. M'Arthur, Cork, 80*l.*; Thomas Skayo, Islington, 60*l.*; F. Bennie, Mortimer-street, 70*l.*; Mrs. Haine, 21, Portland-place, 50*l.*; Mrs. O'Callaghan, West Indies, 70*l.*; John Wilson, Brixton, 70*l.*; M. Fardinando, West Ham, 300*l.*; Mrs. M. Wood, Reigate, 70*l.*; George Lancaster, Thirsk, 60*l.*; J. Gibbon, Gray's-inn-square, 50*l.*; E. L. Betts, Tavistock-square, 100*l.*; John Van Voorst, Paternoster-row, 50*l.*; J. Brittan, Birkenhead, 200*l.*; J. Dudley, Mornington-crescent, 200*l.*; A. A. Heikleham, Norfolk, 30*l.*; J. E. Killick, St. James's-street, 50*l.*; J. W. Green, Hackney-road, 80*l.*; J. L. M'Farquhar, Kensington-terrace, 60*l.*; Mr. King, Newmarket, 100*l.*; Miss Kelton, Great Marlborough-street, 80*l.*; Miss Belgrave, Uppingham, 60*l.*; F. J. Bladen, Regent-street, 300*l.*; Edward Hardcastle, Hampstead, 60*l.*; W. A. Cleaver, Croydon, 60*l.*; Mr. J. Pym, Walling-green, 100*l.*; Mr. W. Moffatt, St. Ann's-lane, 150*l.*; C. Davy, Yarmouth, 150*l.*; W. Bousden, Clapham, 60*l.*; Miss Chubb, Atherstone, 100*l.*; Wm. Daly, Tralee, 60*l.*; Henry Abbott, Christchurch, 80*l.*; R. Seton, Bamborough, 60*l.*; Mrs. Evenden, Tunbridge, 100*l.*; J. W. Douglas, Cockburn-road, 60*l.*; Edward Gardner, Stamford-hill, 70*l.*; J. C. Elliott, Northampton, 150*l.*; Hugh Mackey, Old Broad-street, 50*l.*; Miss Morris, Kensington, 60*l.*; B. Hudson, Cambridge, 80*l.*; A. Attwood, Great Church-street, 70*l.*; C. Gibbs, Gravesend, 70*l.*; F. Mensbendel, Bread-street, 60*l.*; John Anderson, Edgware, 60*l.*; K. Morrison, Euston Railway Station, 60*l.*; C. Tucker, Feversham, 50*l.*; W. Cockshott, Clitheroe, 80*l.*; F. Wright, St. John's Wood, 70*l.*; Rev. F. E. B. Willisford, 80*l.*; H. J. Birch, Kennington, 50*l.*; H. Millar, Preston, 70*l.*; E. Chitty, Guildford, 50*l.*

MUSIC.

The Rose had been Washed. The words by COWPER. The music by CHARLES E. HORN. Reid, Baker-street.

Take an Old Man's Advice. Ballad. Words by GEORGE DANCE, Esq. Music by CHARLES E. HORN. Reid, Baker-street.

Now that BISHOP has retired into privacy and pours no new melodies into the public ear, Mr. C. HORN takes his place as beyond all measure the best English composer of ballad music. His works exhibit the presence of *genius*. He is the creator of original airs. He does not, like the herd of writers, merely form new combinations of the musical ideas of others, but he produces ideas of his own; he expresses the sentiment of the poet in appropriate sounds which it suggests to his mind, and these weave themselves into an air that has a definite character, is heard with delight, and dwells in the memory. This is the test of *genius*, as distinguished from mere skill. This is the business of the *composer*, properly so called; for nineteen-twentieths of those who write music are not *composers*, but *compilers*; they compound harmonies, they do not invent airs.

The two songs by Mr. HORN now before us are real compositions; they have a distinct character. They are "HORN's music," and nobody's beside HORN's. *The Rose* is a charming marriage of an immortal verse to most expressive music. Mr. HORN has caught the spirit of the poet, and breathes in his lay the very sentiment of the words. It will be a welcome acquisition to every family circle, and please even the drawing-room much more than a senseless bravura, borrowed from an opera and fitted only for the stage. The other, *Take an Old Man's Advice*, is a light cheerful song, such as will be applauded wherever it is heard; simple in construction, easily learned, and only requiring that the singer should enter into its spirit, to make it as popular in all societies

as it has been wherever it has been heard from the expressive lips of Mr. H. PHILLIPS.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mdile. ST. MARC, a very great favourite of ours, has been enabled, by the extension of her *conge* from the director of the *Variétés* at Paris, to enter into a renewed engagement with MR. MITCHELL, and we are extremely glad of it; her temporary absence having, much as we admired her before, greatly enhanced her value in our estimation. She is the most taking of *ingénues*. The character selected for her re-appearance was that of *Catherine*, in *La Croix d'Or*, in which she is admirably supported by M. LA FONT. On the same evening, Mdile. RAOUL appeared for the first time as *Roxalane*, in the favourite vaudeville of that name, and looked and acted the part extremely well. There was a very good house. The audiences at the French Plays here, altogether, present a very different aspect from what they did a hundred years ago, when French players had to be guarded on our stage by a body of troops. The circumstance we refer to is a very curious one, and in the almost total absence of any other theatrical matter this week, will fill our dramatic column amusingly enough:—"The only remarkable theatrical commotion since this time," narrates a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1761, "was occasioned by a license granted to some French strollers in 1749, to act at the little theatre in the Haymarket, at a time when several of our own actors, who had been turned out of this very theatre, and that at Goodman's Fields, were starving in prison. On the first evening of their performance, people went early to the theatre, as a crowded house was certain. I was there in the centre of the pit, where I soon perceived that we were visited by two Westminster justices, Deveil and Manning. The leaders that had the conduct of the opposition were known to be there, one of whom called aloud for the song in praise of English roast beef, which was accordingly sung in the gallery by a person prepared for that purpose, and the whole house beside joining in the chorus saluted the close with three *huzzas*. This, Justice Deveil was pleased to say was a riot, upon which disputes commenced directly, which were carried on with some degree of decency on both sides. The justice at first informed us, 'that he was come there as a magistrate to maintain the king's authority; that Colonel Pulteney, with a full company of the guards, was without, to support him in the execution of his office; that it was the king's command the play should be acted, and that the obstructing it was opposing the king's authority; and if that was done, he must read the proclamation, after which all offenders would be secured directly by the Guards in waiting.' To all this most arbitrary threatening, and the abuse of his Majesty's name, the reply was to the following effect:—'That the audience had a legal right to shew their dislike to any play or actor; that the common laws of the land were nothing but common custom and the ancient usage of the people; that the judgment of the pit had been acknowledged and acquiesced in for time immemorial; and as the present set of actors were to take their fate from the public, they were free to receive them as they pleased.' By this time, the hour of six drew near, and the French and Spanish ambassadors, with their ladies, Lord and Lady Gage, and Sir T. R. a commissioner of excise, all appeared in a stage box together. At that instant the curtain drew up, and discovered the actors standing between two files of grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed, and resting on their *firelocks*. At this the whole pit rose, and unanimously turned to the justices, who sat in the middle of it, to demand the reason of such arbitrary proceedings. The justices either knew nothing of the soldiers being placed there, or thought it safest to declare so. At this the pit demanded of Justice Deveil (who had avowed himself the commanding officer in the affair) to order them off the stage. He did so immediately, and they disappeared. Then began the serenade; not only catcalls, but all the various portable instruments that could make a disagreeable noise, were brought up on this occasion, which were continually tuning in all parts of the house; and as any attempt to speak was ridiculous, the actors retired, and they opened with a grand dance of twelve men and twelve women; but even that was prepared for, and they were directly saluted with a bushel or two of pears, which made their capering very unsafe. After this, they attempted to open the comedy; but had the actor the voice of thunder, it would have been lost in the confused sounds from a thousand various instruments. Then, at the waving of Deveil's hand, all was silent, and standing up on his seat, he made a proposal to them to this effect:—'That if they persisted in the opposition, he must read the proclamation; that if they would permit the play to go on, and to be acted through that night, he would promise, on his honour, to lay their dislikes and resentments to the actors before the

king, and he doubted not but a speedy end would be put to their acting.' The answer to this proposal was very short, and very expressive:—'No treaties! No treaties!' At this the justice called for the candles to read the proclamation, and ordered the guards to be in readiness; but a gentleman seizing Mr. Devel's hand, stretched out for the candle, begged of him to consider what he was going to do, for his own sake, for ours, for the king's; that he saw the unanimous resolution of the house, and that the appearance of soldiers in the pit, would throw us all into a tumult, which must end the lives of many. This earnest remonstrance made the justice turn pale and passive. At this pause the actors made a second attempt to go on, and the uproar revived; which continuing some time, the Ambassadors and their ladies left the box, which occasioned a universal buzzing from the whole house, and after calling for some time for the falling of the curtain down it fell."

ADELPHI.—Mr. WRIGHT took his benefit here on Wednesday, and, as was to be expected in the case of so eminently popular an actor, had a bumper. The performances were, *Exchange no Robbery, or Who's to Father me? Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell? The Unfinished Gentleman: and Peter Wilkins*; a most ample and satisfactory bill of fare.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. MACREADY is pursuing a most successful career here. His appearance on Monday, in *Macbeth*, was hailed by an enormous house. The off nights' entertainments, too, are well selected.

OLYMPIC.—*All about Love and Jealousy* is the title of a strange quantity of nonsense lately brought out here; it is honoured with the name of an "original comedy," and original it most certainly is, but only so in its absurdity. Where the author intends to be common-place, the crudity of his sentences places the actor in a predicament as to how they shall be spoken at all; when, on the other hand, he aims at the sublime, he can do nothing but write his sentences backwards, and introduce a rhyme here and there. It was never our misfortune to sit through anything more tedious than this "comedy" of Mr. BOLTON. With, properly speaking, scarce plot sufficient for a farce, it is here spun out and repeated throughout five dull acts, which are interspersed with scenes and nonsense better suited for a pantomime, and all is ended by a dance, in which all the characters, lovers and loved ones, bravos and servants, take part! This is what Mr. BOLTON calls the "legitimate drama!" The only part or performer deserving of any praise is *Donna Violetta*, a coquettish care-for-nought young lady, imitatively performed by Miss CHARLES. This lady's part and performance, and her's only, is worthy of a better piece. Let us leave this ungrateful task, and perform our second and more genial one, which is to notice the "Allegorical Burlesque," entitled *Address*. Thanks to the amusement afforded in this piece, we were almost compensated for the tediousness of the comedy, not by any wit contained therein, for the dialogue is dull enough; but first by an exquisite piece of music sung by Miss BROMLEY, with beautiful taste and feeling; and secondly by the ample amount of excellent dancing which followed. We have scarcely ever witnessed such an uniformly capital selection of all the most popular dances, and seldom or never, at any minor theatre, have we seen them so well executed. Among the numerous dances given during the evening, we must limit ourselves to the mention of *La Gitana*, danced with much grace by Miss CLARA HARCOURT; *Fille du Bandit*, by Miss MEARS; the *Cachucha*, beautifully danced by Madie. YATES; the *Cracovienne*, danced by Miss ROSINA WRIGHT, with inimitable liveliness and spirit; and although last, not least, the wonderful little Italians, PICCOLO, EUGENIO, and MARIA KENNEBEL, whose intermixure of sweet Italian song and graceful dancing would do honour to many of much more advanced age and practice; little PICCOLO looks about five or six years of age, and his little friend MARIA about eight or nine, and yet the time, tune, and attitudes of these little things are perfection. The curtain fell amidst a good deal of applause, entirely forced from the audience by the entreaties of Mrs. BEVERLEY, as *Genius*, who informed them that the "Olympic" was the only theatre in which we find the "legitimate drama." May Mr. BOLTON better verify his promises in his next attempt!

A GERMAN ACTOR IN TROUBLE.—Two of Scribe's vandevilles have lately been the cause of a serious political misunderstanding between the Governments of Hamburg and Prussia. In one, *L'Heritiere*, performed at the Hamburg theatre, one of the actors, M. Brunning, extemporized a couplet ridiculing the Prussian nobility, and cited the anecdote of a Silesian baron, who caused his huntsman to be well beaten for not bringing in game enough. In the other piece, *Le Gastronome sans Argent*, played at Altona on the same night, M. Fellenstein added a speech, in which he alluded to the dilapidated state of the finances of the little duchy of Anhalt Cothen, which is protected by Prussia. Early next morning, although Sunday, the Prussian Ambassador wrote to the Burgomaster of Altona, demanding satisfaction for

the irreverence shown to the Duke of Anhalt Cothen, and also despatched a missive of the same nature to the Senate of Hamburg, adding that satisfaction was due from that body to the Prussian Government for the insult given to the whole of the nobility of Prussia. The authorities of Altona showed an exemplary haste in satisfying the Prussian Ambassador, for Fellenstein was arrested that very day (Sunday), and sentenced to an imprisonment of fifteen days and a fine of 300 marks, besides being prohibited from ever appearing on any stage in the duchy of Holstein. The Senate of Hamburg, however, did not seem animated by the same laudable spirit, for not only was no reply made to the irate diplomatist, but the note of the latter was despatched by extraordinary courier to Berlin, accompanied by another from the Senate to Baron Kaunitz, the Foreign Minister of Prussia, denying the responsibility of the Hamburg Government for what was said by the actors in its theatres, and demanding satisfaction for the offensive terms in which the note of the Prussian Ambassador was couched. In reply, Baron Kaunitz acknowledged the justice of these observations, and invited the Senate to determine the satisfaction it required.—*Globe*.

THE VIENNESE CHILDREN.—This *troupe* of dancers, who created such sensation last season at her Majesty's Theatre, have been engaged by the lessee of Drury-lane Theatre, after the expiration of Madame Weiss's contract with Mr. Lumley. The directress has added to the original number of 36 German children, some English pupils, and the fairy company now amounts to 56. For the increased force, novel and startling effects have been invented by Madame Weiss, whose *repertoire* appears to be inexhaustible.

VIENNA.—Eight of the principal *danseuses viennoises* have returned here to their parents. Jenny Lind has just arrived. Pischeck leaves for Stuttgart for the re-opening of the Theatre, and does not visit London this season.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

Now open.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time. At present it is necessarily imperfect.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DICROMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

ADELAIDE GALLERY, Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—M. Phillip's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Mammoth Horse, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily.—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

If health were mine, (as health no more can be
A denizen of this pain-wearied frame,)
Not, as in youth, would I in quest of fame
Send out my grasping thoughts o'er Passion's sea,
Searching for unknown lands—where they might claim
"A local habitation and a name,"
But finding darkness, shipwreck, bankruptcy!
I would not pant for praise, nor faint if blame
Were mine; nor yield me to the tempting arts
Of mad Ambition,—of voluptuous Pleasure;
But wooing Virtue, 'mid its healthful leisure,
Wrap myself round with true and loving hearts;
So that not Earth, nor its most glorious parts,
Could yield to me than they a richer treasure!

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS,
AND IMPROVEMENTS.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the scientific novelties of this national institution is Taylor's patent fire detector and alarm. Dr. Ryan, in his chemical lecture each day, takes an opportunity of explaining the really useful apparatus, the employment of which must, to use the words of the professor, prevent the possibility of fire occurring in any situation undetected. In size it is little larger than two fingers, and simply requires to be hung on a nail near the ceiling of any apartment, and it will then form a permanent fire sentinel, perfectly harmless, and almost incapable of injury should its service never be required, but promptly announcing a fire to the inmates and neighbourhood in its earliest stage. Its construction depends upon two points, that may be easily understood. First, the suspension of a weight by material, or combination of materials, which is separated by a moderate heat, exceeding by only a few degrees the highest temperature of summer; and secondly, the employing the weight thus disengaged to discharge an alarm by its fall. The weight consists of a metallic box, weighing about six ounces, which is hung on a nail by a ring or staple in its cover. The box is united to its cover by the material or arrangement just mentioned, and of which there are two kinds. In one the union is effected by means of a glass cylinder hermetically sealed, and completely filled with mercury at a temperature of about 90 deg. and which is consequently fractured by expansion of the mercury on being exposed to a temperature slightly higher. In the other form the union is effected by a fusible cement, which suddenly liquifies at about 100 deg. The effect of any undue temperature upon both is the same, viz. to detach the box from its cover and cause it to fall. The alarm whose discharge announces the existence of fire is contained in the box, inserted in about two feet of strong tape, one end of which is made fast to the cover and the other end to the box itself; so that whenever the box falls and reaches the end of the tape, it discharges the alarm by its momentum. The report produced may be heard both day and night, it being so loud, and at the same time perfectly harmless.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—The British and French governments have granted permission to two gentlemen, the projectors of the Submarine Telegraph, to lay it down from coast to coast. The site selected is from Cape Grisnez, or from Cape Blancnez, on the French side, to the South Foreland, on the English coast. The soundings between these headlands are gradual, varying from 7 fathoms near the shore on either side, to a maximum of 37 fathoms in mid-channel. The Lords of the Admiralty have also granted permission to the same gentlemen to lay down a sub-marine telegraph between Dublin and Holyhead, which is to be carried on from the latter place to Liverpool and London. The sub-marine telegraph across the English Channel will, however, be the one first laid down; the materials for this are already undergoing the process of insulation, and are in that state of forwardness which will enable the projectors to have them completed and placed in position, so that a telegraphic communication can be transmitted across the Channel about the first week in June. When this is completed, an electric telegraph will be established from the coast to Paris, and thence to Marseilles. Upon the completion of the sub-marine telegraph across the English Channel, it is stated that a similar one, on a most gigantic scale, will be attempted to be formed, under the immediate sanction and patronage of the French administration; this is no less than that of connecting the shores of Africa with those of Europe, by the same instrumentality, thus opening a direct and lightning-like communication between Marseilles and Algeria.—*Globe*.

ELECTROPHONIC TELEGRAPH.—A letter from St. Petersburg states that Professor Jacob, of the Imperial Academy, has just communicated to that body the invention of an electrophonic telegraph, composed of ten keys, ten different accords, and ten conducting wires, by which the letters of the alphabet and words can be expressed by means of sounds. The Academy has pronounced a favourable opinion of the invention.

New APPLICATION OF THE HOT BLAST.—It is curious that this invention, which owes its origin to the manufacturing district of the west of Scotland, has not till recently been applied to many purposes for which, now that they are pointed out, it seems admirably adapted, and that the new applications should be made at this distance. It was first applied to the purifying and cleansing of casks, which, combined with a very

ingenious piece of machinery, it performs in a most effectual and economical manner; but it has since been more widely used in the desiccation, or the removal of moisture from vegetable, animal, and mineral substances. We have seen wood seasoned by it in the course of a few hours more thoroughly than it could have been in many months by the present modes. It cures meat on the same principle as that adopted by the inhabitants of warm climates; but its largest, and, we believe, in a manufacturing country, its most important application, is to the drying of silk, woollen, and other goods, where rapidity is required, without the risk of injury to the delicacy of tint or texture. It has been adopted already in some large silk manufacturers, and is suiting admirably.—*Correspondent of the Aberdeen Herald*.

MACHINE IN SHIP-BUILDING.—M. J. Watchman, of Baltimore, Maryland, has invented a machine for bending iron plates for ship-building. It is formed by a combination of screws, the head of which has a socket point, so that it may be turned to suit any curve. The lower bed of screws is first arranged to suit the pattern wanted, and then the upper ones run down or up to match. The upper plate with screws is raised, and the sheet heated and laid in, and is pressed between the two until cold, when it is ready for use.—*American Paper*.

NEW WIND POWER.—A machinist at Cabotville (Mass.) has just erected a shop at that place, the machinery of which is propelled by wind, in a somewhat novel manner. A large wheel, measuring fourteen feet in diameter, furnished with wooden sails, or floats, is placed upon a perpendicular shaft, on each side of which, in a room below, is an invention similar to window shutters, which, when opened, causes the wind to rush in, and rising sets the sails and wheel in motion, and produces a velocity equal to that of any water-wheel. We have seen a beautiful model of this wind-wheel at the shop of the truly scientific machinist, Mr. A. French, 63, Centre-street. The invention will be evidently very convenient to manage, whether it gives as much power as some other kinds or not.—*Ibid.*

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—A report has been made by M. Duhamel on experiments made by Capt. Didion, of the artillery, to determine the velocity of projectiles, and the resistance they encounter in passing through the air. The conclusion of the report is, that the resistance of the air cannot be considered as in proportion with the square of the velocity, and that the law of this resistance may be represented by two solutions respectively proportioned to the square and cube of the velocity.

ORANGE SYRUP.—This syrup is so easily made, and can be used so constantly to advantage, that no housekeeper should be without it. Select ripe and thin-skinned fruit; squeeze the juice through a sieve; to every pint add one and a half pounds of powdered sugar, boil it slowly, and skim as long as any scum arises. You may then take it off, let it grow cold, and bottle it off. Be sure to secure the corks well. Two tablespoonsfuls of this syrup, mixed in melted butter, make an admirable sauce for plum or batter pudding; it imparts a fine flavour, and a teaspoonful introduced into a glass of punch adds much to its deliciousness.

RAILWAY LUXURIES.—We lately gave currency to a report that on some of the long lines it is in contemplation to establish locomotive divans. Another proposition, and one of more general utility, has been made during the past fortnight,—namely, the establishment of travelling restaurants. A bill of fare, shewing what the refectory contains, is to be posted in each carriage. Bells are to be at the command of the passengers, to announce their wants to the waiter, who will travel to them along a narrow passage alongside the interior of the carriages constructed for the purpose.—*The Builder*.

The Rev. F. A. Glover has submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty a model of a sea-wall, which, if brought into use in the case of the work proposed for Dover Bay, would reduce the cost of it from five millions sterling to something less than five hundred thousand pounds, and be found to combine, at the same time, facility of construction with economy and usefulness.—*Canterbury Journal*.

A person living at Munich calculates, that when the railways now in progress are terminated, a traveller can go from that city in the following time to the undermentioned places:—To St. Petersburg, in 66 hours; Naples, 47; Rome, 38; Ham-

burg, 35; Paris, 32; Berlin, 25; Geneva, 24; Milan, 23; Venice 22; Dresden, 21; Vienna, 18; Frankfort, 17; Strasburg, 15; Stutgard, 9.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Phrenological Journal and Magazine of Moral Science, No. 87.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE fourth paper is "On the Importance of Sleep as a Preventive of Insanity." The writer commences with the remark that "the most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one of the most important to guard against, is the want of sleep." It is its almost invariable precursor, and so long as we are able to sleep, anxiety, and care, and business, and thought, will have little harmful effect upon the mind. Late hours are a prominent cause of sleeplessness, and to the growing tendency of society to infringe upon the hours of rest does the author attribute the increase of nervous diseases. The following are the rules and illustrations propounded:—

To procure sleep, it is important, in the *first* place, that the mind should not be disturbed for several hours before retiring to rest. Retire early, and when neither very warm nor cold; sleep on a hair mattress, or on a bed not very soft. The bedroom should be large and well-ventilated, and the bed should not be placed near the wall or near a window, as such an arrangement often exposes the person to currents of cold air. There should be nothing tight about the neck, and the Chinese rule of brushing the teeth before retiring is a good one. Tea or coffee taken late in the evening is apt to disturb sleep. Strive to banish thought as much as possible, or take up but the most dull subject. Study during the evening is improper. Some few persons, we know, are able to perform much mental labour, and to study late at night, and yet sleep well. Some require but little sleep; but such individuals are very rare. General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane, that, during a whole year's campaign, he did not sleep more than one hour in twenty-four. Sleep seemed to be at the command of Napoleon, as he could sleep and wake apparently at his will. The present minister of France, M. Guizot, is a good sleeper. A late writer observes, "His facility for going to sleep, after extreme excitement and mental exertion, is prodigious; and it is fortunate for him he is so constituted, otherwise his health would materially suffer. A minister in France ought not to be a nervous man; it is fatal to him if he is. After the most boisterous and tumultuous sittings at the Chamber, after being *baited* by the opposition in the most savage manner—there is no milder expression for their excessive violence—he arrives at home, throws himself upon a couch, and sinks immediately into a profound sleep, from which he is undisturbed till midnight, when proofs of the *Moniteur* are brought to him for inspection."

The second division of this periodical contains a collection of cases and facts. The first is a short paper by Mr. CHARLES PRENTICE, "On the Organs of Destructiveness and Combativeness in the Carnivora," in which a number of curious and interesting examples are cited. Mr. STRATON contributes some facts on Hatters' Measurements, as evidence both of individual, local, and national size of the head. We quote one paragraph:—

In an excellent paper by a London hatter, published in the Edinburgh *Phrenological Journal*, vol. iv. we are furnished with an extensive chain of evidence on the size of hats required in various parts of England. I have heard the statements contained in that paper confirmed in many particulars (not in all) by gentlemen extensively connected with the business; and confidently offer a summary of the general details. The average size of the English adult male head is 7 (130 to 145), and the average range from 6½ to 7½ (?) (80 to 185). The female head ranges from 6½ to 7½ (80 to 155). In the lower ranks of life the majority are below 7. In Spitalfields, Coventry, Essex, Hertford, Suffolk and Norfolk, 6½, 6½, and 6½ (80 to 110) are prevailing sizes of male heads. Devon-

shire and Herefordshire average above London. Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Northumberland have more large heads, in proportion, than any other part of the country.

Then follows a remarkable case of the anterior lobe of a brain being traversed by a bullet, without apparent injury to the mental faculties. It was that of a child shot through the temple; he lived twenty-one days, and during that time had the enjoyment of his intellect. This case has been cited in disproof of the doctrines of phrenology. But it strikes us that the explanation is sufficiently obvious. No one organ was destroyed. It was only perforated. This, no doubt, produced a lesion of some of the fibres, and to that extent would have incapacitated the organ for its functions; but the inflammation caused by the wound roused the uninjured parts to unwonted activity, and so compensated for a time the disability of the wounded part.

A variety of new books bearing on mental science are then reviewed, and a collection of intelligence completes the circle of information. Two of these paragraphs of news we extract, hoping that our readers will contribute to the columns of THE CRITIC similar accounts of proceedings relating to the progress of mental science. The first is an account of the opening of the Lecture-ship on Phrenology lately founded at the Andersonian University.

Lectures on Phrenology.—In this Number we publish an Address by Dr. Andrew Combe, read by his brother Mr. George Combe, at the opening of Dr. Weir's course of forty lectures in Anderson's University, Glasgow, on the 7th of January last. There was a crowded audience of nearly 400 persons, many who desired admittance being obliged to go away for want of room. The proceedings were opened with a speech from the President of the Institution, who explained the object of the lectureship, advised the students to avail themselves of the opportunity which it afforded of becoming acquainted with Phrenology, and introduced Mr. Combe to the audience. The delivery of the Address occupied above an hour and a half, and at its close the thanks of the managers were cordially expressed to Dr. and Mr. Combe, with a request that it should be printed and circulated forthwith. Mr. Combe, in acknowledging the compliment, spoke of the gratification with which he witnessed the change of public sentiment towards Phrenology since he first lectured in Glasgow in 1824. Several hundred copies of the Address have been circulated gratis, chiefly among the students of the University. On the 9th January we heard Dr. Weir deliver his first lecture, and were much pleased with the clear, appropriate, and intelligent manner in which the subject was handled. In the next ten lectures he gave a scientific description of the brain and nervous system, as taught by Gall and Spurzheim; demonstrating the minute anatomy of the organ, and tracing the connection of the nervous centres with the hemispherical convolutions and the various phrenological organs. The subject was illustrated by recent and prepared brains, wax models, and drawings. The second part of the course consisted of an account of the different organs and faculties; and the lecturer is now going on with the practical application of the science to insanity, criminal jurisprudence, and education. The students are chiefly medical. They have been extremely regular and attentive, and apparently much interested in the subjects brought forward. At the close of each lecture some of them have generally remained behind for a short time, examining the casts and busts, and making inquiries of the lecturer on various points connected with Phrenology—sometimes starting objections, and thus acquiring practical information of value. This conversational mode of studying is fitted to make good phrenologists, and should be adopted as much as possible by all lecturers.

The other contains a statement, the truth of which we have been unable to ascertain.

Mesmerism.—We are requested (says an Irish paper) to give publicity to the following document, issued from the Bank, and signed by Mr. Dudgeon, the manager:—

" Bank, Henry-street, Dublin, Jan. 7, 1846.

" In answer to the numerous inquiries which have been made respecting the lodgment of a hundred pound note in the bank of Messrs. Ball and Co. to be paid to any person who shall, by the operation of Mesmerism, describe the particulars of the note, I beg leave to say, that such a lodgment has been made in this bank; and on the envelope in which it is contained is the following indorsement:—

" This envelope contains a bank-note for one hundred pounds, which will immediately become the property of the person who, without opening the envelope, shall describe, in the presence of Philip Doyne, Esq. and Sir Philip Crampton, Bart. every particular of the said note—namely, the bank from which it was issued, the date, the number, and the signatures attached to it; and who shall read a sentence, consisting of a few English words, plainly written, and which is contained in the same envelope with the half-note."

(Signed) " JAMES DUDGEON."

We shall take the earliest opportunity to present to our readers the whole, or the greater part, of Dr. A. COMBE's lecture described last week.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—A Parliamentary paper of a very interesting character, connected with the library of the British Museum, has been printed. The Secretary of the establishment, the Rev. Mr. Forshall, addressed a letter to Mr. Trevelyan, the Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, as directed by the trustees, on what was considered by them an important point as to the essential prosperity and usefulness of the national institution. A memoir of the Library, by M. Panizzi, a manager of the same, was enclosed for their lordships. The letter, dated in December last, set forth, that the library then consisted of about 300,000 volumes, containing probably 500,000 separate works, taking each separate pamphlet as a separate work. As compared with the great public libraries on the continent, it ranked with those of Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden, but it was inferior in number of separate works to those of Munich, Copenhagen, and Paris. During the first 32 years of the present century, including two special grants of 2,247*l.* and 9,000*l.* the total sum expended out of money granted by Parliament for the purchase of printed books was not quite 30,000*l.* or 1,000*l.* a year. From 1833 to 1843 the sum of 26,000*l.* had been granted for the purpose, or, in the last ten years, at the rate of 2,600*l.* a year. The trustees laid before the Treasury, in their application, a statement of the deficiencies in the library, and the grounds on which they felt it to be their duty to ask for a larger apportionment of the public funds than heretofore. The deficiencies were in the departments of law, philosophy, fine arts, history, &c. The library contained no collection, general or separate, of the law of many foreign countries with which England was closely connected. With regard to the colonies the library was deficient in the laws, ordinances, or Government acts of one-half of the dependencies of this country, and there was a very small proportion of the works which the continent had lately produced on the subject of political economy. The trustees considered that the time had arrived for increasing and completing the library. The annual grant for the purchase of books (not including a special grant for the Duke of Sussex's, &c. collections) had been for the last two years 4,500*l.* and it might be assumed that a sum of 5,000*l.* a year would be sufficient to keep the library in the state it required, by the regular purchase of contemporary publications. But for filling up the chasms which were so much regretted, the trustees were of opinion that a sum not less than 10,000*l.* a-year would be required for the next ten years. The sums wanted

for printed books would be 17,500*l.* a-year, being 10,000*l.* for old books, 5,000*l.* for new books, and 2,500*l.* for binding, &c. Adverting to the subject of supplying copies of printed books, &c. to the British Museum, the secretary declared that the present state of the law on that very important matter was extremely unsatisfactory, and most particularly in respect to its working in Scotland, Ireland, the provincial towns, the colonies, and other foreign dependencies. The Lords of the Treasury gave a favourable reception to the application from the trustees, and by a minute dated 16th of January last, their lordships expressed their intention to comply with the requisitions, and to recommend to Parliament for some years to come an annual grant of 10,000*l.* for the purchase of books of all descriptions. In some years it would require the whole of the 10,000*l.* to purchase books which were deficient, but on other occasions a limited portion would suffice.—*Times.*

THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.—Mr. Panizzi of the British Museum, in his memoir of the library of that institution (just made public in a Parliamentary paper), has the following observations on the present state of the law of copyright:—“ The law of copyright, as it has existed for more than a century, has produced a very serious injury to the public libraries of the country, and particularly to that of the British Museum; owing to the presumption that English books were to be added to the collection by law, whilst in point of fact they were not so. No provision has been made to procure them by other means, and thus the British public has been deprived of British books by the very Acts of Parliament which were meant to enrich the national library with them. And although the 5th and 6th of the present Sovereign is an improvement, it is still inefficient. If the principle of this law, namely, the obligation of giving to the British Museum a copy of every new book which is published, be a just one (and this the legislature has decided in the affirmative) the law ought to make it effective, and there is but one way of making it so. The printer should be bound to deliver or forward by public and acknowledged channels, to the British Museum, his copy of any work he printed, ‘ before any public vending,’ and no distinction ought to be made between new editions, ‘ with additions’ or without, as these distinctions are practically mere openings for evasions, chicanery, and evasion of the law. A fine, besides the value of the book not sent, to be recovered as by the present Act would be sufficient to insure its execution. Under the present law the Museum does not get either all the books published in London or most of those printed in the provinces, or any of those issued from the press of the other parts of the British dominions. But since the Act of Parliament gives the Museum a right to them, and no attempt is made to procure them in any other manner, and as they are not in fact obtained by virtue of the Act, they have been, and are, and will be, deficient. These observations, besides giving a notion of the reasons of the deficiencies in a very important branch of modern publications, shew what ought to be done to improve it in future. Two alternatives present themselves, 1st, a good Copyright Act; or, 2nd, a full, not an approximate equivalent for the abolition of it; that is, a sum of money equal to supply the deficiency.” Mr. Panizzi, in answering the question whether the British Museum should possess and preserve all the trash that is published, asks “ What is trash?” and shews the difficulty of a selection, by pointing out that a library to which books were sent by copyright, actually rejected as unworthy a place on its shelves (putting them in the index), “ The Antiquary,” one of Wordsworth's Odes, and Beethoven's musical compositions, besides other works which are mentioned.

THE REV. S. GOBAT.—native of Switzerland, and principal of the Malta College at St. Julian's, has been appointed Bishop of Jerusalem. He, in early life, wrote an interesting journal of his travels in Syria, Egypt, and Abyssinia.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR MR. WILDERSPIN.—A subscription has commenced, originating, we believe, in Yorkshire, with the view of offering a “ national tribute ” to Mr. Wilderspin, the amiable and indefatigable founder and promoter of Infant Schools. Most sincerely do we regret to say, that the circumstances of the good old man render this act of justice an act also of necessity. Mr. James Simpson, in Edinburgh, Mr. J. Torrington, in Hull, and Mr. E. P. Lamport, in Manchester, are secretaries, *pro tempore*, to the fund. On taking up the subscription-list, one looks first for names from the manufac-

turing districts—for there, if anywhere, Mr. Wilderspin's value ought to be known. The Marshalls, of Leeds, Yateses and Gladstones, of Liverpool, and Heywoods, of Manchester, are there, as every one would anticipate; but where are the rest of our manufacturing millionaires and merchant princes? The zealous and benevolent clergyman is of all men most apt to sympathise with labours like Wilderspin's; and some clerical names are sprinkled through the list—the Dean of Canterbury, the Vicar of Batley, Mr. Sharp, the Vicar of Wakefield, Mr. Bray, the Vicar of Coventry, and the Rev. T. Dykes, of Hull; still we must take the liberty to say, the church is inadequately represented. Gurneys there are, of course—on what occasion of sympathising with, or actively assisting benevolence and the benevolent, is that name missing? Lord Morpeth's and Earl Fitzwilliam's donations are forthcoming. There is a whole *posse comitatus* of Gaskell's; Mr. Monckton Milnes is where a poet possessed of the means is always seen to most advantage; Mr. Rowland Hill's name too is there. The work is well begun, but much more is yet required. That no one may have the apology of being able to say he did not know where to send his money, we add, that subscriptions are received at the banks of Denison, Heywood, and Co. London; Leatham, Tew, and Co. Wakefield; A. Heywood and Sons, Liverpool; Sir B. Heywood and Co. Manchester.

INTERESTING SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS, MANUSCRIPTS, &c.—Monday a sale by auction of an interesting collection of autographs and manuscripts, being a portion of the library of J. Britton, Esq. F.S.A. took place at Mr. Fletcher's Auction Rooms, in Piccadilly. The following are a few of the most interesting lots sold during the day. Of the autographs—Lot 1552. Eleanor Gwynn, signature to a receipt for 250*l.*, being a quarter of a year's pension, Nov. 20, 1682; and a Treasury order for the payment of the pension to Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn, signed by Lord Rochester, Sir E. Dering, &c. Dec. 15, 1683: the signature of the lady was merely the initials E. G.—sold for 2*l.* 10*s.* Autograph letter of Prince Rupert, Nov. 2, 1655—sold for one guinea. Letter of Dr. E. D. Clarke, the Oriental traveller, to Professor Porson, respecting the sale of his Greek and other manuscripts, which are now in the Bodleian Library—sold for 1*l.* Autograph of Queen Caroline, guardian of the kingdom, to instruction to Lord Vere Beauclerk, for the preservation of the fishery of Newfoundland, June 3, 1729—sold for 12*s.* Sir Isaac Newton, autograph to a treasury order for the payment of 500*l.* towards defraying the charge of the coinage of halfpence and farthings at the Mint, Sept. 4, 1717—16*s.* King Henry VIII. sign manual to a warrant—13*s.* Two autographs of Archbishop Laud and Chief Justice Coke—sold for 8*s.* each. Horace Walpole's Pocket-book, with his autograph at the beginning, and on one of the leaves, "the year of the last rebellion, 1745"—sold for 1*l.* 5*s.* Of the manuscripts—Lot 1510, Roorhamha Perpetual Almanac in the Arabic character, commencing in the 1199th year of the Hijreh (1784), and concludes A.H. 1284 (A. D. 1867). This was formerly in the possession of Dr. Adam Clarke—sold for 1*l.* 10*s.* Lot 1517, Breviary Ecclesiae Parisiensis. A very beautiful illuminated manuscript—sold for 17*s.* Lot 1518. Missale Romanum, Manuscript upon vellum—sold for 4*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Lot 1519, Antiphonale Romanum. A manuscript upon vellum, with the music throughout, and illuminated—sold for 16*l.* 10*s.* The other lots fetched equally good prices.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, From April 25 to May 2.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bohn's Standard Library, Vol. VII. "Roscoe's Lorenzo de Medicis, with Portrait, and a Memoir of the Author by his

Son," post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Bogue's European Library, Vol. VII. "Berrington's (Rev. J.) Literary History of the Middle Ages," fc. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Book (The) of Art, or Cartoons, Frescoes, Sculptures, &c. as applied to the New Houses of Parliament, edited by F. K. Hunt, 111 engravings, royal 4*to.* 21*s.* cl. gt.—Brougham's (Lord) Lives of Men of Letters and Science, of the time of George the Third, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 21*s.* cl.

Campbell's (Lord) Lives of the Chancellors, 2nd edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* cl.—Church (The) of England, Weighed in the Balance of the Sanctuary and Found Wanting, 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Cleaver's Parliamentary Elections Register, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Ciceron's Orations, with English Notes (Eton edition), 12*mo.* 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Croly's (Rev. Dr.) Marston, or the Soldier and the Statesman, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Despatches of Viscount Hardinge, Baron Gough, Sir H. Smith, &c. with a Map and Plans, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Dumas's (A.) Honey Stew of the Countess Bertha, a Fairy Tale, transl. by Mrs. Taylor, with illustrations in colours, 16*mo.* 5*s.* cl. gt.—Dutton's (F.) South Australia and its Mines, with map and illustrations, 8vo. 15*s.* cl.

Englishwoman's Family Library, Vol. III. "Ellis's (Mrs.) Family Secrets," Vol. I. fc. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.

Gilliam's (A. M.) Travels in Mexico, plates and map, 8vo. 14*s.* cl.—Gibson's (S.) History of the Monastery at Tynemouth, in 2 vols. Vol. I. 4*to.* 3*l.* 3*s.* hf. mor.—"Heinrich and Lusie," translated from Miss Edgeworth's Early Lessons, by F. K. Barnard, 18*mo.* 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages, by a Wandering Artist, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* cl.

Jerrold's (Douglas) Chronicles of Clovernook, with some account of the Hermit of Bellyfull, fc. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Jesse's (E.) Anecdotes of Dogs, with illustrations, 4*to.* 2*l.* 2*s.* cl.

Liston's (Robert) Practical Surgery, 4th edit. 8vo. 22*s.* cl.—Letters of the Kings of England, with Introduction and Notes by J. O. Halliwell, esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 2*l.* cl.—Luther's (Martin) Way to Prayer, sq. 16*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Mariotti's (L.) Italy, Past and Present, 2nd edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 14*s.* cl.—Madras's (Bishop of) Journal of a Visitation Tour in 1845, with Two Charges, fc. 6*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Michelot's (J.) The People, roy. 8vo. 1*s.* swd. (Edmond's edition.)

Naturalist's Library, People's Edition, Vol. VIII. "Game Birds," fc. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Nind's (Rev. W.) Legend of Latimer, and other Poems, fc. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.

Oxenden's (Rev. A.) Cottage Library, Vol I. "Sacrament of Baptism," 18*mo.* 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Peasants (The) of England; an Appeal on Behalf of the Working Classes, by G. W. Perry, fc. 8vo. 4*s.* cl.—Peninsular Scenes and Sketches, originally published in "Blackwood's Magazine," fc. 8vo. 2*l.* 6*d.* swd. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl. gilt.

Railways, their Rise, Progress, &c.; with Remarks on Railway Accidents, by R. Ritchie, F.R.S. fc. 8vo. 9*s.* cl.—Robert of Artois; an Historical Romance, illustrated, 8vo. 2*s.* swd.

Small Books on Great Subjects, No. II. "Connection between Physiology and Intellectual Philosophy," new edit. enlarged, fc. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Smith's (Rev. C. J.) Manual of English Grammar, fc. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Tate's (Wm.) Epitome of Naval Book-keeping, 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Trial (The) of the Action by Mary E. Smith against Earl Ferrers, for Breach of Promise of Marriage, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Trollope's (Rev. W.) Questions and Answers on the Liturgy, fc. 8vo. 3*s.* cl.—Tupper's (M. F.) Proverbial Philosophy, Vol. I. 6th edit. post 8vo. 7*s.* cl.—Tytler's (A. F.) Mary and Florence at Sixteen, 4th edit. 12*mo.* 6*s.* cl.—Tuson's (E. W.) Structure and Functions of the Female Breast, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Concise Forms of Wills, with Practical Notes, by W. Hays and J. Jarman. 1835.

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The circulation of the ART-UNION has, during the past year, averaged 5,000 monthly. It is distributed not only among artists generally, but extensively among those whose leisure enables them to cultivate the Arts as sources of intellectual enjoyment, and who seek to be made acquainted with all improvements in Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, and their application to the Useful Arts and the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, in their several departments.

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Each monthly Part of the ART-UNION is largely illustrated by Wood Engravings, describing the various subjects under consideration; these, for the most part, exhibit the progress of taste as applied to manufactures, and are suggestions for decoration and ornament; woodcuts, however, are frequently introduced, of portraits, popular pictures, and other objects of interest; while presented with each number is an Engraving on Steel, or an example of fine Lithography, the cost of which, separately, would greatly exceed that of the part in which it appears.

Part LXXXIX. of the ART-UNION, commencing the Eighth Annual Volume, was published on the 1st of January, 1840; and the occasion is suggested as convenient for new Subscribers, who may thus be enabled to complete the work during the ensuing year. Hitherto much inconvenience has arisen in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining “sets,” several of the Parts having been “out of print.”

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The ART-UNION Journal, as its name imports, was instituted mainly to enforce the necessity of union between the different branches of Art, and more particularly the intimate connection that exists between those Arts which have been regarded as entirely artistic, and those which have been deemed exclusively mechanical; the purpose being to shew that mind as well as hand is required in every branch of Decorative Art.

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